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MISS JENNIE LEE.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.—AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

THE afternoon march under the Indian sun is over. The travellers, who have sent forward servants to pitch the tents and procure eatables, have arrived at their rendezvous near a magnificent banyan-tree on a grassy plain. They find their tents ready for them, and spring off their horses and enter their homes for the night. The loads are lifted from the backs of the weary camels; a fire has already been lit; and just after the travellers arrive at their temporary destination, the water-bearer hurries up with water from a neighbouring streamlet or perchance village well. Poultry in abundance for the evening dinner has been bought, and there will be several "sudden deaths," as Anglo-Indians term a hastily procured meal off poultry. Let the reader who has ever travelled in India look at the Engraving which we are describing. Is it not in every particular strikingly faithful? The reader who has never had Indian experiences of the kind will at least not be slow to recognise the artistic merits of the composition—so full of nature and life, from the untethered horse in the distance which lays his head over the neck of his fellow with whom he has just travelled many a weary league, to the hungry hen in the foreground, eager to eat when she herself will soon be eaten.

The long shadows of the quickly-setting sun are lengthening. There is little time to be wasted now before the preparations for the night are completed. Twilight in India lasts for a very short space of time. Tropical lands are noted for the sudden

changes which pass over the face of nature in them. One day the whole earth seems to be withered with drought; then down comes an unexpected shower; and by the next day or two all is green. Flowers and grass spring up; birds warble, almost wholly leaf-hidden in trees which were half dead and utterly stripped of foliage; and where yesterday was a waste of burning sand flows the merry rivulet, glinting gaily and singing sweetly. This is but one instance of the suddenness of the natural changes which so often astonish the traveller in eastern countries. In the instance before us the sun will sink in an hour, or sooner, and within half an hour subsequently night will blacken, stars shine out, the moon pour down her radiance on palm, and aloe-hedge, and cactus-thicket; the solemn owl will hoot; the firefly light its lamp; the hyena shriek and laugh diabolically; the deadly cobra issue forth from its lair; and hour after hour the "dew-drinking cicada" trill forth his shrill forest-song.

Let the reader look again at the scene depicted in the sketch before him—a scene so typical in all its details. The stately figure which occupies the centre of the picture is evidently that of one of the responsible servants of the caravan, who has to see after the safety of the luggage, and the proper picketing of the camels. Behind him, to the right, immediately under the banyan, and close to its hoary trunk, two cooks are preparing their masters' meal. They have evidently chosen that locality in order that their impromptu oven and fireplace of square stones heaped together shall be protected by the tree-trunk from the wind as much as possible. The water-carrier hastens towards them, with a pliant bamboo across his left

shoulder, to the two ends of which bamboo are suspended his brazen or earthen water pots. Close by, a little in front, two servants are having their evening smoke and chat. Away to the left the remainder of the camels of the caravan are seen approaching in the mellow evening light. The already unburdened camel in front stretches himself prone and placid, and the whole forms a scene, uneventful enough perhaps, but extremely realistic and true to the life.

But evening encampments during Indian travels are sometimes not so roseate in their character as this one we are writing of appears to have been. The tents have not been sent on in advance soon enough; or, when the advance party arrives at its destination for the night it is discovered that no food is to be had for love or money, when abundance of rice and fowl curry at least was confidently relied on; or the village well or the neighbouring runnel has dried up; or a camel is missing, mosquitoes are plentiful, the wind is squally and hot and violent, the coolies strike for higher pay—or what not. But the traveller over the vast plains of India, however sumptuously he may travel, must now and then expect to meet and put up with misfortunes. We may close this brief sketch of a sketch with an anecdote of an occurrence of which the sight of the tents in the background (which are of an old-fashioned shape, and obviously unequal to the improved travelling tents of the best make of the present day) forcibly reminded us at first sight. A gallant friend we once knew and his charming wife determined to set off on a tent-tour to spend their honeymoon. The country was picturesque; the weather was delicious; the idea was novel and romantic. The



THE EVENING ENCAMPMENT OF EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS.—(RAJPOOR.)

tents were bought beforehand, servants engaged, provender provided, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The wedding morning came, the wedding breakfast was duly gone through, with its speeches and popping of champagne corks, and the happy couple started off, about four in the afternoon, for a ride of quite thirteen miles to gain their "evening encampment." It was to have been near the outskirts of a village called Rammuggur. They duly arrived at Rammuggur at dusk; but no vestige of an encampment—no tents—no wedding dinner—nothing but the rumour of a fine hungry tigress in the neighbourhood! Unfortunately, it turned out that there was another Rammuggur, somewhere the other side of a mountain and a deep gully, and a slight mistake had thus occurred. There was nothing for it but that the newly-wedded couple should get back to the scene of their marriage festivities as soon as possible. They urged their jaded horses back, but the night was dark, the road devious, and misfortune clung to them. They lost their way. It was not till sunrise the next morning that, as Mr. James would say, "Two toil-worn travellers might be seen slowly wending their way," &c., into the station they had quitted the afternoon before! A bridal-night, it was afterwards suggested, had proved a bridle-night. Certainly the two had spent some fourteen hours in the saddle, the bridegroom had been twice rolled off his horse into a ditch in the pitch-black night, and the bride's dress was all in tatters, torn by wayside thorns. But they still pluckily stuck to their tent-tour, and enjoyed themselves famously afterwards. However, it may be surmised that they studiously avoided during their travels villages called "Rammuggur"—that name being so common in certain parts of India as to be apt to prove slightly misleading at times.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX delivered his lecture, entitled "Reminiscences of Wellington," in the Townhall, Brighton, on Monday night.

Curling.

BRAEMAR.—On Thursday week the Braemar curlers assembled on the old pond on Colonel Farquharson's estate, to the west of Castletown village, and played for a silver-mounted broom, presented by Mr. G. M. Farquharson, Invercauld. Eighteen entered, and after a spirited game, Mr. R. Grant, Castletown, was declared victor.

KINROSS.—The annual competition for the club's gold and silver medals took place at the curling-pond, Kinross, on Friday week. The ice was in good condition, and after some fine play the gold medal was gained by Mr. George Bogie, of Gairney Bridge; and the silver medal by Mr. R. Barclay, Kinross. Scores—11 and 8 respectively. Several private matches came off after the competition.

BLAIRDOWIE.—The ice on the Lochy being in good condition, several matches were played during the past week. On the Thursday a game was played between the vice-president and secretary's rinks of the Blairgowrie Club, four players a side, when the former won by a majority of six. The Rattray curlers engaged in their sport on the Muirton pond on the Thursday and Friday, and the annual dinner of the Blairgowrie Club was held in the Royal Hotel on Thursday se'nnight.

ABOYNE v. BRAEMAR.—The first game of curling of any importance this season at Ballater was played, on Friday week, between the Aboyne and Braemar Clubs. The match was for the Caledonian Club's medal, and a better day for the contest could not have been wished, as the frost was keen and the ice in first-rate condition. Messrs. Ewan and Henry acted as skips for Braemar, and Dr. Keith and Mr. Hunter for Aboyne. The Braemar Club won by thirteen points, the scores being 46 and 33 respectively. A second match was subsequently played, in which the Braemar Club was again victorious.

LOCKERBIE.—The final tie for the rink medal belonging to the Dryfesdale Curling Club was played off on Saturday last on the Quaas Loch, and, after a keenly-contested game, was won by Mr. Gladstone. The scores were as follow:—T. Gladstone, 21; John Scholar, 12.

PENICUIK JUNIOR v. SCRATCH TEAM.—A match between these teams was played on Milkhall pond last Saturday, resulting in the defeat of the scratch team by 6 shots. Scores:—22 and 16.

CURRIE.—On Saturday the members of the Currie Curling Club competed for their single-handed medal on Harelaw pond. It was won by Mr. James Davidson, Deanpark, who counted 10 points. The consolation medal was won by Mr. W. Ellis. The ice was not good.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.—The Duke of Edinburgh returned to town from Gunton Hall on Saturday last, and presided at a meeting of the committee of the National Training School for Music, on Saturday, at Clarence House. There were present Lord Alfred Churchill, Viscount Newry, the Lord Mayor, Sir William Anderson, Sir Henry Cole, Mr. C. J. Freakie, and Mr. Alan S. Cole, hon. secretary. The committee appointed Mr. Arthur Sullivan to be principal of the school and to be professor for composition. Competitions for free scholarships will take place in February, at the Society of Arts, London, in Northumberland, in Liverpool, and other centres. The committee look forward to opening the school after Easter. On Wednesday last the City committee of the new institution held a meeting in furtherance of the scheme.

DESTRUCTION OF A GLASGOW MUSIC HALL.—The Royal Albert Music Hall, Bridgeton, Glasgow, was totally destroyed by fire last Wednesday morning. The performances took place as usual on the previous night, but as the performers were leaving they noticed the flames bursting forth. The Greenhead Mills of Messrs. Holms Brothers were threatened, but were saved by the exertions of the firemen.

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cent eminence. It is Clytie's eighteenth birthday, and she is serenaded by the choir, who sing a very melodious madrigal composed by Mr. Walter Maynard, which is really the most interesting feature in this act. Here Clytie is wooed by her two lovers, Tom Mayfield, a student, and Phil Ransford, the *mauvais sujet* of the piece. After a short love scene and mutual avowals between the former and Clytie, the student departs for London, and the act ends with the abduction of Clytie by Phil Ransford. In the second Clytie is in a prolonged swoon in the London chambers of Ransford, who urges her, on her recovery, to become his wife as the only means of saving her reputation; but she indignantly refuses, and is rescued from the villain's violence by the timely arrival of Tom Mayfield. Seven years are supposed to elapse, and Tom Mayfield is now the Earl of St. Barnard and the husband of Clytie, whom he must have married immediately after his timely rescue, for they are blessed with a son and heir, now in his sixth year. Their happiness is shadowed by the persecution of Phil Ransford, who has levied blackmail from them, and eventually, in conjunction with a scoundrel lawyer, makes a "statutory declaration" as to the character of Lady St. Barnard, the consequence of which is that the Lord Chamberlain cancels an invitation Lady St. Barnard had received to a Royal garden party. The Earl prosecutes Ransford for libel and defamation, and we are next introduced to the police-court at Bow-street, where Lady St. Barnard reluctantly undergoes the ordeal of giving evidence to clear her character from the false aspersions, and is overcome by the cruel and vindictive cross-examination of the rascally lawyer, Silas Cuffing, when the case is adjourned. Through the advice of his solicitor, the Earl after much hesitation, and to restore peace and happiness to his wife, agrees to a compromise, Ransford stipulating to give a written confession of the falsity of his charges on receiving the sum of ten thousand pounds. While the Earl and his lawyer have retired to the library to negotiate the compromise, Clytie, in ignorance of the proposed arrangement which will remove all scandal from her name, and feeling unable to undergo a second examination, leaves her home in despair. In the meantime, Ransford and Cuffing quarrel about the compromise-money, which is to be paid at a low house on the river side; the dispute ends in Ransford felling his evil associate with a life-preserver, and leaving him for dead. We are next introduced to the lone house on the Thames reach, where Ransford awaits the payment of the compromise. Here, instead of the lawyer with the money, arrives the Earl to take personal vengeance on his wife's traducer; he offers the scoundrel the chance of a duel, and, while the Earl's back is turned, Ransford attempts to shoot him, but fortunately misses his aim, when the Earl fires—wounding the wretch, who in his agony burns his confession—but at the moment Cuffing, who had recovered from the blow inflicted by Ransford, appears at the window, and declares the destroyed confession was only a duplicate, the original being in his possession. The last act brings us back to Dunelm, whither Clytie had sought refuge. Her mind is wandering from her domestic troubles, but she is restored to reason and happiness by the advent of her husband, son, and grandfather. Two or three of the scenes are effective, the incidents being melodramatic, albeit old-fashioned; but as a whole the play is not interesting, and is not likely to have a lengthened career. Nor, with two or three exceptions, can much be said for the acting. Miss Hodson, as the heroine, acts with consummate grace, naïveté, and refinement in the earlier scenes and with some power in other portions, especially in her scene in Ransford's chambers and the police-court; and never did she look more charming than in the third act, in which she appears in the most exquisite of toilets. Her son is cleverly personated by a promising little girl, Miss Bessie Baker. Miss Louisa Howard, who makes her London débüt, is likely to prove an acquisition, from the unobtrusive, yet finished in its details and by-play, manner in which she sustained the part of Mrs. Wilding, Mr. Waller's housekeeper. Mr. Macklin represents Tom Mayfield with gentlemanly ease, but a little fervour would improve the impersonation; and Mr. Odell, as the low lawyer Cuffing, and Miss Annie Taylor, as the besmudged servant Sarah Kidgers, who protects Clytie in Ransford's chambers, are both excellent, although somewhat exaggerated.

THE death is announced of Mr. Rogers, the comedian, for many years past a well-known member of the Haymarket company.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT LOTON PARK.—On Friday, the 14th, Sir Baldwyn and the Hon. Lady Leighton invited their friends and neighbours to another of those theatrical performances which they have been in the habit of giving for the last two or three winters. Subjoined is a copy of the programme. *Dido and Aeneas* was written by Sir Baldwyn Leighton, and produced entirely under his direction.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Mr. Honeyton.....Mr. Nyn Burges. | Mrs. Honeyton ...Hon. Mrs. Burges.
"THE MASQUE OF DIDO AND AENEAS."
Dido, Queen of CarthageThe Countess of Onslow.
Anna, her SisterHon. Mrs. Percy Mitford.
Barometer, First Minister and ControllorLord Eliot.
Clockedon, Second Minister and Great StickEarl of Onslow.
Bumbledon, Beadle of the PeriodMr. Baillie Hamilton.
Aeneas, Prince of TroyMr. Herbert Gardner.
Achates, his faithful CompanionViscount Pollington.
Polyanthus, Sergestes, Trojan CaptainsEarl of Ellesmere, Mr. Burges.
Iarbas, Prince of the MoonMr. Percy Mitford.
Tomas, his AttendantAn Aboriginal Minstrel.
Pegetha, Abigail, Sapphire, Maids of Honour to the Queen.....Miss Denison,
Miss Phillipine, Miss Mitchell.
Kanari, Bluebella, Female Attendants ..Miss J. Mitchell, Miss L. Mitchell.
Wren, a PageMiss M. Mitchell.

OPENING OF THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

THE spacious Palace of Pleasure—Aquarium and Winter Garden in one—which has sprung up almost by enchantment near Westminster Abbey, and which will, if we prove not greatly mistaken, speedily become one of London's favourite holiday resorts, will be opened this (Saturday) afternoon by the Duke of Edinburgh. We understand that the building will be thrown open to Fellows and season-ticket holders at half-past eleven and be closed from one to half-past one, when the Duke is expected to arrive. An address having been presented to his Royal Highness, and replied to by him, the Aquarium will be declared open, and there will follow a brief concert, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, with Madames Edith Wynne and Patey and Mr. Sims Reeves as vocalists. Following the example of Mr. Alderman Nottage, Mr. Bruce Phillips, the secretary of the Westminster Aquarium, has compiled a Shakespearian diary, which contains much useful information respecting the forthcoming fêtes at the new Winter and Summer Garden.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all chemists, perfumers, and hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

Musit.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

"MADAME L'ARCHIDUC."—OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE.

WHAT can be the magic which causes managers to believe implicitly in the name of Offenbach? There was a time when he was known in connection with successes only. *Too Many Cooks*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *Falsacappa*, *Génévieve de Brabant*, and a few other works, achieved successes which were justly merited. But during the last four or five years Offenbach's name has been attached to numerous failures, and the British public are no longer to be lured to any opera which bears his name unless the press give good accounts of it. Perhaps the most striking proof that Offenbach's powers have decayed was given about a year ago, when *Whittington* was produced at the Alhambra Theatre. There was no excuse to be pleaded in this case on the ground of inefficient adaptation. An original English libretto was expressly written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, and Offenbach—who reads English fluently—had to set music to Mr. Farnie's words. That every inducement might be furnished to stimulate the inventive powers of the composer, he was secured a large sum of money for the copyright of the music, and received over £1000 for each of the three acts of *Whittington* as soon as each was ready for the copyist. The directors of the Alhambra displayed the most lavish liberality in mounting the work. Efficient principal singers were engaged and a capital and numerous chorus, while an unrivalled corps de ballet appeared, in conjunction with such a splendour of mise en scène as the metropolis has seldom, if ever, witnessed before. What was the artistic result? A most egregious failure. Even the ballet music, played by an excellent orchestra, failed to please, being weak, ineffective, and commonplace. The great Barbaric Ballet kept the piece from immediate extinction, but from a musical point of view *Whittington* was one of the greatest failures in recent times. Last year *Madame L'Archiduc*, an opéra-bouffe by Offenbach, was produced in Paris, and achieved only a moderate success, even when played in the original French version, with Judic and other unrivalled bouffe artists in the principal rôles. One would think that, under such circumstances, English managers would cautiously avoid *Madame L'Archiduc*, and would wait in the hope of one more success from the pen of Offenbach. This prudent course has not been followed, and Offenbach's latest failure was produced last week at our Opéra Comique, with an English version by Mr. H. B. Farnie.

Mr. C. Morton, under whose management the Opéra Comique has been opened for the performance of opéra-bouffes, has done all in his power to make the English adaptation a success. He has engaged several artists of eminence for principal rôles; the orchestra is more than efficient, and is under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Clarke, one of our ablest musicians; the choristers are numerous and well selected; the corps de ballet comprises a large number of attractive young ladies; the dresses, with one exception, are irreproachable, and are extremely tasteful, well-designed, and brilliant. But it was beyond Mr. Morton's power to make the music interesting, and most of it was dull and stupid to the last degree. The old Offenbachian themes were hashed up afresh, the old cards were shuffled again, but there were few instances in which original ideas disturbed the languid apathy of the patient audience. The cooks' chorus and the kissing quartet in the first act, and a duet between Marietta and Fortunato in the last act, are almost the only portions of the work which are other than downright commonplace, and even these are deficient in the freshness and brightness which made Offenbach's earlier works attractive. We have, at least, a dozen English composers who could have produced better work than this; and we confess that we are tired of showing mercy to foreign works of inferior quality when we know that better native productions are attainable.

Of the libretto it will not be necessary to say much. Mr. Farnie has eliminated some of the grossness which existed in the original work of M. Albert Millaud, but there are plenty of indecent suggestions and equivocal scenes in the English version. So far as the plot is concerned, it will be sufficient to say that Marietta and Giletti, two hotel servants, are married and about to depart for their honeymoon, but are kept apart by a variety of adventures, and Marietta so fascinates a certain Archduke that he abdicates in her favour. He sends her husband away, disguises himself as a private soldier, and mounts guard as sentinel outside the curtains of Marietta's sleeping-pavilion. A scream is heard, Marietta rushes in, and the audience learn that the Archduke, disguised as Private Jones, has been too intrusive. Eventually the Archduke resumes his throne, and falls in love with another woman, and Marietta and Giletti are allowed to depart on their wedding trip. The dialogue is weak, and the attempts at verbal jokes are the poorest on record. The reputation of Mr. Farnie is not likely to be increased by this latest specimen of his abilities as an adapter; and unless he soon supply better work than that contained in his *Whittington* and *Madame L'Archiduc* it will be impossible to avoid the conclusion that he has lost the faculty of writing amusing dialogue, and had best seek the aid of competent collaborateurs. The principal artists exerted themselves to the utmost. Miss Soldene, indeed, threw a superabundance of energy into her impersonation of Marietta, and would have been more successful had she been less demonstrative. She generally sang too loud, and she sings best when she sings mezzo voce. Her costume was the only exception to the rule of propriety which prevailed in the costumes generally, and we are glad to hear that since the first night she has mercifully veiled some of the charms which were on that occasion displayed with profuse liberality. Her acting, though occasionally too *prononcé*, was clever and effective, and was, no doubt, as refined as opéra-bouffe acting is expected to be. Miss Kate Santley, as Fortunato, a gay young Captain of dragoons, looked very fascinating, sang with taste, and acted with intelligence and refinement. Miss Granville was an attractive Countess, Mr. W. J. Hill acted with genuine comic humour as the Archduke; Mr. Connell, Mr. Parry, Miss Clara Vesey, and Miss D'Aguilar were good in minor rôles; and Mr. Felix Bury acted fairly well as Giletti, although hardly successful in his vocalisation. The opera occupied four hours in performance. It has now been compressed, and is over sufficiently early to admit of the subsequent performance of *Trial by Jury*, which—with Mr. Gilbert's witty libretto and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's bright music—forms an agreeable contrast to the dreary dialogue of Mr. H. B. Farnie and the commonplace music of M. Offenbach. Considered as a musical work, *Madame L'Archiduc* is almost beneath notice. It is, however, so well played, the costumes and scenery are so splendid, and the entire mise-en-scène is so brilliant, that it can hardly fail to attract for some time to come.

CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were resumed on Saturday last—the first of the shilling Saturday concerts since the prices of admission were changed. The attendance was, however, smaller than usual; but the wretched weather was sufficient explanation of the fact. For those who attended the concert a very delightful entertainment was provided, including the great C minor symphony of Beethoven, Spohr's overture to *The Fall of Babylon*, Adolphe Adam's overture to *The Brewer of Preston*, an orchestral fugue for strings by Mendelssohn, and a new "Magnificat" by Mr. Ebenezer Prout. We shall hereafter have occasion to review this work, and for the present must content ourselves with saying that it is well written and artistic, entirely free from plagiarism or commonplaces, well voiced and well instrumented. The choruses were sung by the Crystal Palace Choir, and the solos by Madame Osgood and Mr. E. Lloyd, who also sang other vocal pieces. The orchestra played splendidly throughout the concert, and Mr. Manns conducted in masterly style.

The Monday Popular and Saturday Popular Concerts and the Wednesday Ballad Concerts—all given at St. James's Hall—have been well attended, but presented no novel features. Considerable interest attaches to the quality of the orchestra and the nature of the music to be heard at the Aquarium Concerts, under the direction of Mr. A. Sullivan. The Aquarium will open this day.

DEBUT OF MR. SANTLEY'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Edith Santley, eldest daughter of our great baritone, made her débüt on the operatic stage last week at Liverpool on the occasion of her father's benefit, playing the small part of Angelina in the English version of Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, played by the Carl Rosa Opera Company under the title of *The Water Carrier*. Of the youthful débütante, who is barely sixteen years of age, the *Liverpool Daily Courier* says:—"The occasion was made especially interesting by the fact of the part of Angelina being filled by Miss Edith Santley, who made her first appearance in public, and who, notwithstanding the nervousness incident to a very trying ordeal, proved highly successful. Mr. Rosa conducted with the greatest tact and discrimination, and with an evident enjoyment of the delicious music, into the spirit of which he entered *con amore*."

The *Liverpool Mail* says:—"The débüt of Miss Edith Santley was successful in showing that she has every promise of proving a good artiste. No judgment could be formed of her vocal capacities, in consequence of the very little music which fell to her share, but her stage-bearing, for a novice, was very good. It is a work of supererogation to praise the admirable mode in which, under Mr. Carl Rosa's able direction, the orchestra performed the very exigent music."

The *Liverpool Mercury* says:—"An interesting feature of the performance was the first appearance of Miss Edith Santley, scarcely sixteen years of age (daughter of the premier baritone), who played the little part of Angelina with much sweetness and grace. The young débütante evidently possesses a promising voice, and it is to be hoped she will sustain a family reputation."

We shall hope soon to have an opportunity of hearing Miss Edith Santley, and we meanwhile wish her a prosperous career.

THE PANTOMIME AT PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, Manchester, is generally acknowledged to be one of the best managed and most commodious houses in the kingdom. Indeed, this model theatre is spoken so highly of by competent judges that it is to be wished the popular manager who put this Manchester house in order, and won for it a national fame, could be induced to provide London with that ideal theatre we have in vain longed for. The auditorium being so exceptionally comfortable, and even luxurious, at Prince's, it follows that the pieces produced upon its stage should ever be of a high standard of excellence; and so they are. The same splendour and magnificence conspicuous in the Shakespearean revivals at Prince's are now to be noted in the capital pantomime of "Aladdin the Great," one of the beautiful spectacular scenes from which is pictured in our present Number. The cunning hand of Alfred Thompson is evident in this remarkable bit of pageantry, admirable alike for the graceful, flowing lines of the costumes of the coryphées and for the harmonious whole of the mise-en-scène. That so unequalled a designer as Alfred Thompson should be monopolised this season by a Manchester theatre is not surprising, but it is surprising that no London manager was wise enough to retain his master-hand. Neither of our large West-End houses can be said to equal in grandeur "Aladdin the Great" at Manchester; and we are very glad to hear that the spirit and enterprise shown by the management of Prince's are likely to meet with substantial reward.

MADAME EDITH WYNNE sang a new song, "The Blind Boy," the words by Colley Cibber, at the Brighton Aquarium last Saturday.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING, who, during the past few months, has been fulfilling an engagement in America, has returned to London.

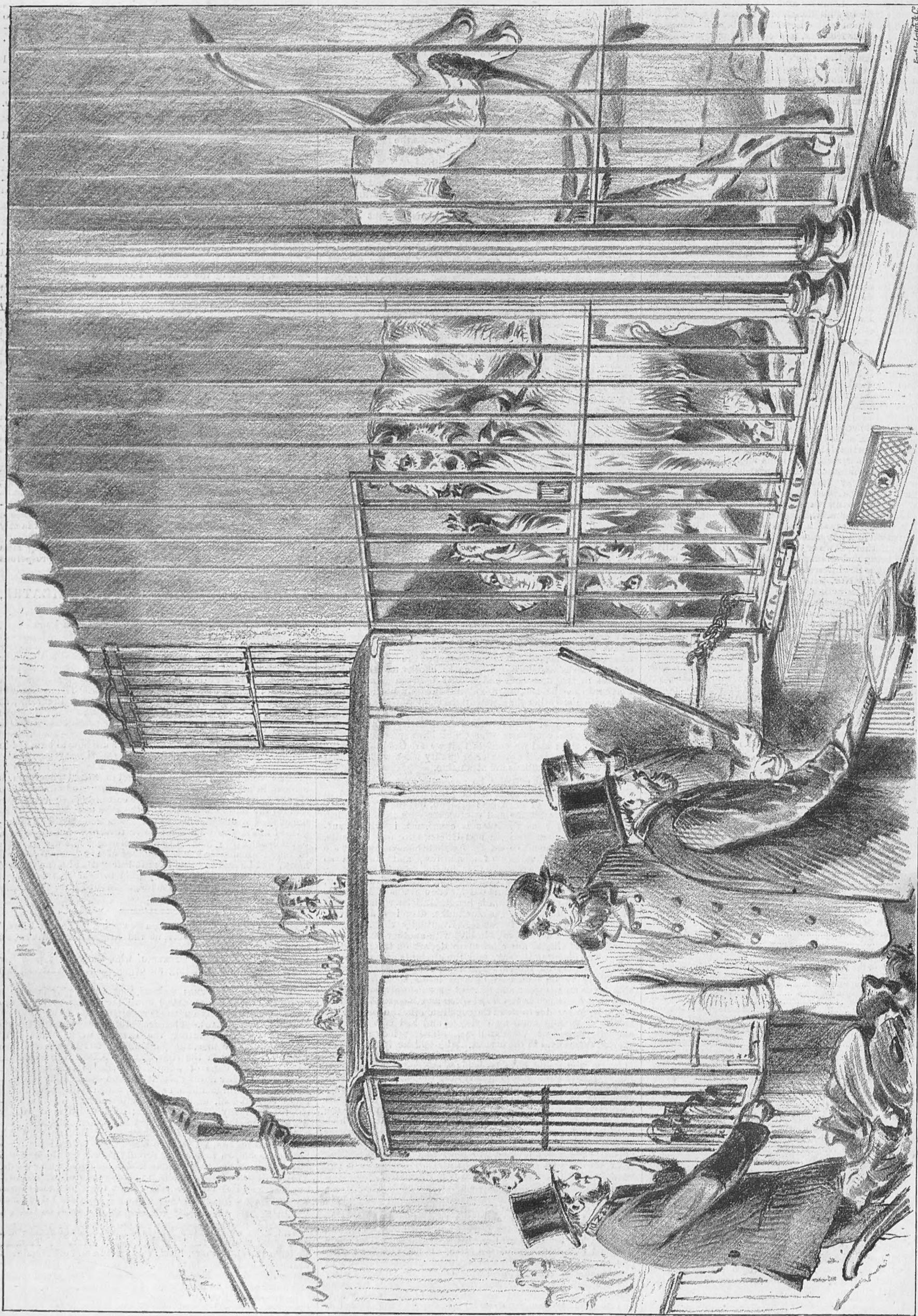
M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS reckons that a new play is always worth to him a sum of £6000 down (according to the *Daily News*); and his yearly income is reported to be £8000.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The successful holiday entertainments will be continued during the ensuing week. The chief attraction is, of course, the pantomime; but Romal and the Jackley troupe, with the receptions by Adonis, the miniature man from the Cape of Good Hope, add to this attraction. Moreover, another novelty is offered in an exceedingly interesting and beautiful exhibition of glass, which is displayed in the great central hall, under the superintendence of the Worshipful Company of Glass-sellers; and which is especially worthy of attention by lovers of art and art-manufacture.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON DOG SHOW.—For this show, which commences on Jan. 28, the number of dogs entered for competition is 408, an increase of seventy-eight over those of the last exhibition, and they are classified under twenty-four heads. There will be an exceptionally numerous show of large sporting dogs; and it may be added that the champion classes include dogs belonging to the principal breeders throughout the kingdom. The judges are Messrs. W. Lort, H. Gibson, and S. Handley.

THE KING OF HOLLAND, who is a great lover of music, will give great musical fêtes in May next. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Gévaert, Liszt, Vieuxtemps, and other eminent composers and artists have been invited to them. His Majesty has conferred upon Madame Trebelli-Bettini the grand medal and order of Arts, in admiration of her talents.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 118, Holborn-hill London.—[ADVT.]



TRANSFER OF THE CARNIVORA AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



REMOVAL OF CARNIVORA TO THEIR NEW HOUSE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Much interest appears to be excited, and numerous applications have been made to the secretary, superintendent, and keepers by persons anxious to be present upon the occasion of the removal of these wild beasts. Most persons appeared to entertain a notion that something desperate or sensational was to be witnessed; and doubtless if it were announced that these animals were to be removed on any particular day, and the price of admission was raised to 2s. 6d. or 5s., an enormous number of persons would avail themselves of the opportunity to be present. In former times the removal of animals of this fierce and dangerous kind was accomplished by equally fierce and desperate methods; for instance, if a lion or tiger had to be driven from the den into another it was found that an iron thrust at the animal was fiercely resisted, and the brute would seize with its teeth the bar thus intruded, and most probably splinter and damage the teeth by breaking them, and that it would thus suffer "toothache" for the rest of its days. If a pole or a piece of timber were used instead of iron, the animal would resist, and splinter and break the wood to pieces. If a rope with a noose were thrown over its neck, and sufficient force excited to drag him from his den, the chances were that the beast would be strangled before the rope could be loosed from its tight hold. As these difficulties and dangers were well known, a far more ready, but certainly more cruel, mode of removal was adopted by the introduction of a bundle of straw or shavings thrust into the den behind the animal, to which a light was applied. The poor beast, being thus singed and severely burnt, was forced to quit the apartment, often disfigured and sometimes maimed for life. The more mild and humane treatment is now, and has ever been, adopted by the present custodians of the various animals. In the first place, boxes, usually called shifting-dens, are provided, varying in size according to the animals that are to be removed in them. These shifting-dens are placed opposite the doors leading from each den, and secured in position by chains. The front door of the shifting-den is then drawn upwards, after the fashion of the common box-trap used for vermin. As there is no particular hurry in the removal of these animals, and it is most desirable not to irritate or annoy them, sufficient time is allowed for the animals to enter this moving box; but in the event of the animal having any dislike or disinclination, which is sometimes the case, it has been found necessary to place its food in the box at the farthest end from which he resides; and, when his appetite becomes sufficiently keen to cause him to seek food, the keeper, who has been on the qui vive for this circumstance, immediately shuts the door upon him.

Some of the smaller animals were removed in the earlier part of last week, but it was not until Saturday that work in earnest commenced. Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning the task of removing the animals was fairly resumed. The first one moved in was the black leopard; then followed the three pumas; these were succeeded by a pair of Bengal tigers; and the morning performance concluded by the introduction of the three tiger cubs presented to the society by Lord Northbrook. It was now evident that much greater difficulty would be experienced in removing those that remained, consisting of three jaguars, the three large lions, and the pair of adult tigers. Operations were resumed on Monday morning, and, after considerable difficulty, two jaguars were safely trapped and removed. The whole of Tuesday was occupied in attempting to trap the remaining jaguar and the male tiger, but without success. On Wednesday morning it was determined to capture the three largest lions. Operations were commenced at eight o'clock, and one lioness was trapped in about an hour and safely deposited in the new building. After fruitless efforts to trap the male, it was decided to discontinue for the day, and the men were dismissed from the spot to attend to their duties of feeding and cleaning out the various animals in their charge; but as the traps were set to capture the lion and tiger, it was arranged that, should one or both of these animals be caught by the keeper who was on the lookout, he would ring the large bell used to announce the closing of the gardens, in order that all the keepers should immediately rush to the spot, knowing what had happened, and thus prevent the animal being kept in his trap more than a few minutes. The wisdom of this arrangement was soon apparent, for upon the keepers and others leaving the place the lion, probably aware of their absence, crept quietly into the trap, the door of which was instantly closed upon him, and the sound of the bell brought all the necessary assistance immediately, and the angry and terrified brute was transferred to his new home, with not more than fifteen minutes' confinement in the shifting-den. Even during this short space of time the rage and terror of this animal were excessive, for it must be remembered that although this large lion was born in the gardens, and remarkably tame, it had never before been subject to any restraint, or any way annoyed, irritated, or alarmed by being driven into a shifting-den, or in any way had his temper ruffled or interfered with. He, therefore, now for the first time became a roaring, ramping, angry lion. The very instant he was liberated into the large den he made a frantic bound, and, turning round, dashed with all his fury against the iron bars, his excitement was so great that the superintendent was afraid that the beast would have gone into a fit, for he looked wildly upwards, and appeared to stagger. At this moment Mr. Bartlett gave an order for visitors and others to leave the spot while the slide was withdrawn from the adjoining den, in which was the captured lioness, his previous companion; towards her he ran, and doubtless his sudden resignation to his new abode was principally due to the affectionate manner in which she received him, and licked his face as he lay beside her. Within an hour the alarm-bell was again heard, and a posse of keepers were once more on the spot, the last of the lions being safely boxed, and in a brief space of a quarter of an hour was again introduced to her former companions. Before the men had well reached their various stations the bell sounded for the remaining male tiger, who, probably, had felt some inquisitiveness as to the whereabouts of his companions, and in his prowling through a series of empty dens, probably thinking they had gained their liberty and he might follow their example, ventured into the trap, out of which there was only one chance of escape, and this, as in the former instances, was speedily at hand. Upon being liberated into the large den, unlike any of his predecessors, he made a desperate attempt to get loose by springing up the front bars, using the horizontal bars like a ladder until he reached the top, where he doubtless imagined there was a way out. He gazed about for a second or more, when, apparently seeing it was hopeless, he let go his hold of the top railing and dropped on the hard floor with a thud; for, unlike a cat, he certainly did not alight entirely on his feet. He appeared much discomfited on finding no way out, and being much excited, trembled, and came to the front of the den apparently for consolation, which he received by being patted and talked to by the two keepers. With this treatment, within an hour he became perfectly reconciled to the change, and received his allowance of food. There remains now unmoved a fine female jaguar; but, as at

the present moment every den in the new house has one or more occupants, she will not be transferred until the pair of young tigers can be induced to live upon amicable terms in one den, and before this move is accomplished some few days may pass. When the young tigers are introduced to each other and the marriage takes place Mr. Bartlett says that the bell shall again be rung.

SNAKE-CHARMING IN INDIA.

BY R. C. CALDWELL, F.R.A.S.

THE charming of serpents is essentially an Oriental art. More than a thousand years before the birth of Christ the Psalmist alluded in the Hebrew Scriptures to the charmer who "charmed never so wisely." It is a remarkable but perfectly true fact that the most poisonous of snakes is one of the oldest of Asiatic divinities. The reader on this point should consult James Ferguson's admirable history of "Tree and Serpent Worship." It appears that in Southern Asia, immediately after the vague worship of the elements was thoroughly materialised, serpents were transformed by the superstitious beliefs of the people into deities. The deadlier the poisonous snakes were, the more readily they were endued by the common folk with divine attributes. A worship began which had its root in fear. In that worship the hooded cobra di capello played, and for more than a thousand years has since played, a most conspicuous part. The cobra is venerated, propitiated, adored, worshipped. Temples are built to the snake. The almighty reptile is frequently sacrificed to, and not seldom daily fed. He is called by the most religious Brahmins of the present day the "Naga," Naga means "The Good One." Here is a piece of Oriental euphemism rivalling that of the ancient Greeks, who called the malignant Furies by the propitiatory title of the "Eumenides!" The follies of the present are only the copies and echoes of the follies of the past. The snake-haired Furies were praised—the dead serpents of to-day are adored!

There is reason to believe that a little while ago snakes abounded in India even more than now. Now they do still abound to a most alarming extent; but the legislation of an enlightened Government is mitigating an evil, even if that evil cannot be at once eradicated. In one year lately 18,000 snakes, of various deadly species, were killed by the natives of the Punjab and brought to the local Government officials so that the promised rewards for their destruction might be duly claimed. These statistics refer to one province alone in the vast continent of India, so they may be considered as somewhat satisfactory. It is now computed that the inhabitants of India number quite 300 millions, instead of 200. It is said that quite half the Hindoo population refuse to kill deadly serpents, even when the latter are in their power, simply because of a superstitious regard for the sacredness of the animal. They prefer to worship and propitiate, rather than to kill and eradicate. The extended hood of the "good snake," the cobra, is represented in the case of many of their brazen and sculptured idols as overshadowing their holiest divinities. Shall, then, the votary kill the bearer of the extended hood which protects his god from the rays of the tropical sun? Many pious Hindoos prefer to take no such onerous obligation on themselves, so snakes abound almost as prolifically as ever they did.

But here, now, the snake-charmer steps in and exercises a function which is not only curious but useful. The deadly reptile becomes a toy in his hands. He tames the venomous divinity. He gives him a whack or two across his head with a pliant bamboo stick. He hits hard enough to stun, whilst he refrains from killing. "The good animal," whilst in a state of stupefaction, has his fangs rapidly extracted, and the bags of poison under his deadly incisors are frequently burnt out with a hot wire. The cobra awakes from his trance, and darts at his master, and fastens his teeth viciously in his bare hands or feet. The snake-charmer smiles cynically. The poisoned fangs are gone. He gives the snake another whack with the rattan, and begins a low monotonous nasal chant on his reeds. Pleasure succeeds to rage in the serpent's breast. He raises himself, expands his hood, shoots out his forked tongue, and waves his great head from side to side. In half an hour the charmer seizes him by the tail, pops him into a shallow wicker-work basket, and in a week, by occasional starvation or judicious rattannings, reduces him to a state of laudable civilisation. Afterwards, the tamed cobra is exhibited, the reeds are blown, the snake dances to the sound of the droning music, and the bystanders liberally pay the charmer for his skill and trouble.

Snake-charmers in India pretend that they are in the possession of all kinds of remedies for snake bite. As a rule, their pretensions are wholly hollow. The great precaution which they wisely take care to exercise is that of extracting the poison-fangs of the venomous serpents they tame. Dr. Shortt, of Madras, has, during a long lifetime in India, almost exclusively devoted his attention to the subject of the venomous snakes of India, their habits, and the mode of their eradication from the peninsula, and especially the antidotes best suited to counteract their poison. His efforts have been followed by considerable, although not complete, success. He knows more of the most renowned snake-charmers in India, and the occultest mysteries of their craft; than perhaps any other man in India. He keeps a host of live snakes about his house. Some of these are tame, and he designates them by pet names! It is, however, now and then disagreeable, if not dangerous, to call on the learned doctor. Some visitors object to feeling a cold snake twine itself lovingly round their bare calves! Cobras may be dear creatures, but it requires practice to allow one to wiggle-waggle under your shirt-collar complacently.

But all honour to the snake-charmer. It is true that he exercises his craft for the sake of emolument; but, if you happen to live in India in a house the garden surrounding which, or the fields in the neighbourhood, are infested by deadly snakes, call for the snake-charmer. He will sound his pipes, and creep stealthily about the hedges of cactus, and under the guava-trees. He will now blow a long, tremulous note under yonder scarlet-flowered pomegranate-tree, or send a shrill shriek from his reeds under that low-drooping custard-apple. Look now! He sees a hole in the sand, under that stone! The earth near shows that it has been recently disturbed. At least, his practised eye suspects it. Before that cavity the snake-charmer plays long—perhaps half an hour. In his right hand he holds a lithe bamboo. Soon a fierce-looking, wide-mouthed, bright-eyed, green-hued head pops a little—only a little—out of the hole. The charmer sees it, but keeps on playing on his pipes, sitting quite motionless. The snake raises himself, and wags his head to the quavering music. Slowly and softly the snake-charmer raises his stick. His music grows faster: the cobra evidently enjoys it more. The great hooded head is wagged frantically from side to side. Swish—whack! The cane has descended straight on the head of the reptile! In a trice a forked stick is produced out of the pouch of the snake-charmer's impedimenta. The serpent is securely pinioned to the ground. A pair of pincers are now produced in the twinkling of an eye. The poisonous fangs are immediately extracted.

Your garden or "compound" is thus ridded of its most dreaded tenant. And that is the snake which the snake-charmer afterwards makes to dance before his European and native patrons. Who knows but it was that very cobra which hissed, and extended its hood, and reared itself, and shot out its forked tongue, and wagged about its eager, hateful head, before the Prince of Wales, the other day, in Southern India?

STUD NEWS.

On the 9th ult., at Dewhurst Lodge, Mr. Gee's Violet, by Thormanby (dam of Bay Windham), a filly by Scottish Chief; and on the following day, Murcia, by Lord of the Isles, a filly by Vedette.

At Blankney, The Doe, a bay filly by Lord Lyon, and will be put to Hermit.

Rosicrucian has arrived at Middle Park.

Mr. Chaplin has hired Make Haste for the season, and the horse will stand at Blankney.

There are eighty mares, the property of the Stud Company, now at Cobham, and of these twenty-five will be put to Blair Athol, ten to Carnival, twelve to George Frederick, ten to Wild Oats, and ten to Caterer. The rest will be divided between Doncaster, Favonius, King of the Forest, Cardinal York, Cremorne, and one or two other crack public horses. We have also received the following stud news from Cobham:—Jan. 14, Molly Carew foaled a filly by Macaroni; Jan. 15, Steppe, a filly by Wild Oats; Jan. 16, Martinique, twins (a colt and a filly) by Hermit, both dead. Arrived to Carnival: Jan. 8, Mr. Henry Chaplin's Romping Girl, in foal to Cathedral; Jan. 12, Prince Soltykoff's Meteor, in foal to Tibthorpe; Jan. 19, Mr. E. McMorland's Brown Sugar, in foal to Toxophilite. Arrived to Caterer: Jan. 12, Prince Soltykoff's Beehive, in foal to Parmesan; Jan. 13, Mr. John Coupland's Symmetry. Arrived to See-Saw: Jan. 19, Mr. W. S. S. Crawfurd's Mrs. Waller. Arrived to Blair Athol: Jan. 9, Major Carlyon's Amethyst, in foal to Saunterer; Jan. 11, Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry, in foal to Parmesan; Jan. 19, Mr. W. S. S. Crawfurd's Miss Roland and his Polynesia, both in foal to Blair Athol.

The stallion Bertram has arrived at Easton Lodge from Newmarket.

Lord Berner and Tipster are advertised for sale by private contract; also Dr. Temple, a Newminster horse with a good pedigree.

Among the stragglers who drop at the last moment into the sire-list are Brother to Strafford, at Enfield; Mornington, who takes up his quarters at Danebury; Statesman and Jock of Oran, who hail from Kingsclere; and Westminister, at Kenneth, near Newmarket, who only asks a modest "fiver" for his services. Blue Mantle is also advertised at the same figure, and he stands with Syrian, near York.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York, Mr. Etche's Henriette, a brown colt by Julius, and will be put to Speculum.

In our "Stud News" of last week the words, "At Mr. Eyke's, Shifnal, Salop," were inserted by mistake before the announcement of the foaling of Dutchman's Daughter to Vespasian.

Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard has disposed of Freeman, and the horse has left Belhus for the Continent.

At Buckland Court, Reigate, Mr. Walker's Queen of the May, a chestnut filly foal, to Macaroni, and will be put to King of the Forest.

Packington Hall, Coventry.—Lord Rosslyn's Clementina, by The Duke, in foal to Grouse, and his Rapides, by Beadsman, barren, have arrived to Vanderdecken, who will have a full list of mares his first season.

Eaton Hall.—Arrivals: Lord Rosslyn's Icide, barren, and his Euphoria, in foal to Blair Athol; also, Captain Roy's Moonlight by Young Melbourne out of Fair Melrose.

Landmark joins the band of brothers at the Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster; and his fee is 15s.

At the Glasgow Stud Paddocks, Doncaster, on the 17th inst., Mr. Somerset's Religieuse foaled a filly by Strathconan. Arrived on the 19th inst.:—Mr. Pryor's Bonnie Katie, in foal to The Rake, and will be put to him again; and Mr. Prior's Sphynx, in foal to Fripomier, and will be put to him again.

SALE OF BLOODSTOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY, JAN. 17.		GS.
Prodigal, aged, by Outcast—dam by Crozier.....	Mr. Smith	530
Servia, 5 yrs, by Moldavia out of Wee Pet.....	Mr. Menzies	400
Bay filly, 2 yrs, by Dear Tom out of Hesione.....	Mr. Kenton	20
Bay filly, 2 yrs, by Paganini out of Ethel.....	Mr. Deniston	18
Finstail, 5 yrs, by Bel Demonio or Mogador out of Constance.....	Mr. Thompson	80
Soldier's Daughter, 6 yrs, by Knight of Kars out of Shepherdess.....	Mr. Foreman	84
Maze, aged, by Wild Dayrell out of Ariadne	Mr. Doyne	18
Maud, aged, by Mogador—dam by Wild Dayrell.....	Mr. Hobson	360

AT MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S, on Monday next, three valuable stallions, the property of Mr. Brayley, will be sold or let at auction—namely, Mariner, Pearlfinder, and Cock of the Walk.

TATTERSALL'S SUBSCRIPTION ROOM was very thinly attended on Monday, and not a bet upon future events was laid during the afternoon.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.—Two stakes for this fixture will close and name on Tuesday next—viz., the Elundon Cup, value 70 sovs, for horses that have never won 100 sovs, and the Solihull Handicap Plate of 3 sovs each for starters, with 40 added. The course has now been perfectly drained and much improved, additional land being taken in, and thereby avoiding the sharp turn, the run-in being near the roadside.

ELTHAM SPRING MEETING.—The entries for the handicap steeplechases and hurdle-races for Eltham, Feb. 1 and 2, are published. The remaining stakes have closed as follow:—First day: Hunters' Steeplechase, 7 subs; Maiden Hurdle Stakes, 11 subs; Kentish Selling Hurdle, 3 subs. Second day: Maiden Steeplechase Plate, 8 subs; Hunters' Flat Race, 11 subs.

A RACE MEETING FOR GLASGOW.—The *Glasgow News* states, on the authority of its sporting correspondent, that "Glasgow is to have its race meeting, which is to be made the best in Scotland. A piece of land in the neighbourhood of the city has been secured that for its natural advantages, both for the formation of a racecourse and its delightful situation, will entitle the meeting to be considered the Goodwood of Scotland. The names of a great number of the Scottish nobility have been received as patrons, and all that the management are waiting for before they make a public announcement is the adhesion of Scotland's premier Duke, his Grace of Hamilton. That is not likely to be wanting. The meeting will be under the same management as that of Bristol, where £1000 has been given for one race."

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animacule," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 498, Oxford-street, London. Retailed everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Athletic Sports.

With the departure of the frost all species of sport has been in full swing, the most prominent feature during the past week being the football matches. As usual, the Swifts have been very busy; but their two matches, against Reading and Mr. Parry's Eleven, did not add to their laurels much, as the Eleven made no stand at all, being defeated by five goals to one, whilst the "biscuit-town" division had the better of a drawn game by a disputed goal; but it is only fair to state that the "birds" had not their full strength. The Old Etonians and Clapham Rovers were advertised in all the sporting papers to play their tie for the Association Cup on Saturday afternoon; and although I might say simply "they didn't," I don't intend to pass over a gratuitous slight to the public so lightly. As far as the ground and weather were concerned there was nothing to find fault with, and considering that the public always patronise the game at the Surrey Cricket Club head-quarters whenever they have a chance, the least that teams could do would be to wire to the effect that they don't intend to put in an appearance. Let me look on a brighter page of the book, and notice a most amusing and certainly indeed "novel match," which took place at Sheffield, last week, the terms of the contest being that the Sheffield v. Barnsley toll-bars were to take the place of goals, and that there should be no boundary, the idea being to introduce some cross-country work. Ecclesfield and Pitmore were the villages that provided the players, and although it certainly was not football, still, such affairs produce novelties and encourage a feeling of companionship I, for my part, should be sorry to see abandoned.

Whilst talking of Sheffield, I regret to have to state that Mr. W. Wilkinson, the popular player, met with a serious accident on Sunday last, which it is feared will totally incapacitate him from fulfilling his duties in the field for the remainder of the season. He arrived by train at Brightside station, and upon reaching the platform raised his stick in token of recognition to some friends, when a thoughtless acquaintance in the train seized hold of it, and, as the locomotive was on the move, he was dragged some distance, and then fell, injuring his spine very badly.

On Wednesday afternoon, at Kennington-oval, the match Lloyd's v. Stock Exchange, which had been postponed from December last, in aid of the Mansion House Inundation Fund, was played, and resulted in favour of the Stock Exchange, who were captained by Walter Slade, the well-known amateur runner. A splendid game was played on Saturday, at Edinburgh, when the "Varsity" suffered defeat at the hands of the Royal High School, the latter gaining the victory by one goal to none.

Since my last Hunt and Collins have played 1000 up at billiards in Cook's City rooms, and the former won, thus carrying off a very useful "five-and-twenty," and proving that he ought to have beaten Hart when they met last week. On Wednesday evening, at the Horns, Shoreditch, W. Cook, ex-champion, and S. W. Stanley played an exhibition match of 500 points up, the latter having a start of 110, and the best of eleven games at pyramids, Cook conceding a ball in each game. The play was simply grand, both men being in fine form, and Stanley won on the pinch by four points only, with an unfinished break of 116; and he also won the pyramids, by six games to four, although Cook once in a single break took a dozen balls. On Friday, at the Guildhall Tavern, Tom Taylor and Alfred Bennett play 1000 up for £100 a side on a championship table; and I fancy Taylor, who, I know, is in good form, will win, but it will be a very near thing; and on Monday next Collins and Bennett play 1000 up, the latter conceding 150 points, for £50, and the rendezvous is that worthy cueist's rooms at Purcell's—old "father" Stammers, as his familiars rejoice to call him; and a father he has been to many, if I might not almost say more than a father.

I do not know what Rugby may be when the boys are all at the school, but my visit to that place on Wednesday gave me the impression that it was by far the least lively spot in the kingdom. The object of my going down was to be present at the second of the home and home matches between H. Fairs and Joseph Gray for the championship of racquets and a stake of £250 a side. It will be remembered, doubtless, that the first half of the match, consisting of the best of seven games, took place, on Wednesday week, at Prince's Court, Hans-place, Chelsea, when Fairs, who, as might be expected, was perfectly at home in a court to which he was quite accustomed, won easily by four games to one. The Rugby court being larger than that at Prince's, their relative proportions being 65ft by 32ft and 60ft by 30ft, it was thought by some, and not, perhaps, without reason, that this would prove in favour of Gray and, as a matter of course, detrimental to the chance of Fairs. How far their surmises were correct the result of the play will show. Every possible preparation for giving the spectators a good view of the game had been made; but, although the gallery of the court is by no means as spacious as that at Prince's, there was room enough for all, and to spare. I should, perhaps, mention that the agreement between the men stipulated that each player should have four days' practice in his opponent's court, but in consequence of the late thaw and damp the Rugby court had been so wet that Fairs could only get two days' play before the match. Very shortly after the appointed time for commencing—twelve o'clock—the men entered the court, and, having won the toss, Fairs took the first service. After making an ace he missed a return from Gray, who in his first "hand in" scored two before "Punch" displaced him. After a finely-contested rally the Chelsea man was disposed of pointlessly, and then a line ball gave Gray another ace, after which he put his own hand out. The score was now Gray 3, Fairs 1, and on the latter going in again he remained in possession until he had added 5 more aces to his score, two of his services and a "drop" tending much to this result. A fine half-volley by Fairs got rid of Gray without adding to his total, and in his next "hand in" the Chelsea man, from 6 to 3, ran right out, and won the first game by 15 to 3, one grand half-volley of his completely "bringing down the house." Continuing his service in the second game, Fairs was dismissed without scoring by a flukey hit on the part of Gray, who in turn failed to do anything. "Punch" in his next attempt made an ace only, and again Gray failed to score. In Fairs' next innings he added a couple of aces before giving way to Gray, who at his next attempt made their scores "3 all." To this Fairs responded in his next "hand in" by putting on no less than six aces before he was put out after a very smart rally. Nothing dismayed, Gray played up very finely, and in turn became 7 to 9. Fairs then made two more, when he put himself out. After some very smart rallies, both men playing their very best, Fairs became 12 to 10, but, on Gray getting in once more, he made a single, and, disposing of Fairs by a fine "drop," he in his next innings put on two more aces, thus becoming 13 to 12. Amid great excitement, Fairs made the score "13 all," and the game was then "set" to 5. Fairs failed to score, but Gray made 1, and then the Chelsea player added 4; and, getting rid of the

Rugby player without scoring, he had another ace by the service, and won the game and match by 5 to 1. Although four games were played afterwards, they may in reality be only looked on as an exhibition. Suffice it to say that Fairs won the fourth game by 15 to 11, and the sixth by "3 to love," after being "14 all;" while Gray won the third by 15 to 8, and the fifth by 15 to 3, scoring no less than 10 aces, half of which were services in his last "hand in." Walter Gray, the racquet-master at Harrow, trained his brother Joseph, the loser, who was in fine trim; while Fairs was self-trained, and looked fairly fit. I have great pleasure in noticing that Fairs next week enters on his new office as racquet-master at the courts at Eton College. The games, I had almost omitted to state, were carefully marked by H. Boakes, of the Leamington courts.

EXON.

Hunting.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS met on Tuesday last at Stoke-common. As it was the first meet since the frost, and the morning proved so spring-like, there was a large field out, the only drawback being the absence of the noble Master. Amongst those present were Colonel Harford, Captain and Lady Julia Follet, Major Wilkin, Captain Higgins, Mr. Bowen May, Dr. Collins, and a large number of the sporting farmers of the neighbourhood. The deer-cart contained two Windsor deer—Nancy and an untried one—chosen for the day's sport; and the latter was turned out on the top of the common. It went sailing off in the direction of Fulmer and Iver, then doubling to Stoke Poges, passing the church, over the railway to Salt-hill, near which place it unfortunately ran into the pack and was killed, after affording a capital run of an hour. Goodall then took the hounds to Fulmer, to try and find an outlying deer which was lost at the last hunt over the Harrow country. There were numerous accidents. One gentleman, it is reported, broke his leg in taking an awkward fence.

SIR HARCOURT JOHNSTONE'S hounds met at Sawdon on the 14th inst., and, having speedily found, an exciting run was the result, Reynard making away in the direction of Malton, and nearly reaching that place before he was turned and subsequently killed. The worthy master had a nasty fall through his horse coming awkwardly at a fence, and the hon. Baronet came heavily to the ground, though, fortunately, he sustained no material injury beyond a severe shaking and a nasty knock on the head.

The Hon. Francis Scott, who has for many years acted as the Master of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, will retire at the close of the present season, and will be succeeded by Mr. John Barnard Hankey, of Fetcham Park, near Leatherhead, on whose estate the kennels used during the mastership of his late uncle, Captain Hankey, remain intact.

An offer, made by the Earl of Craven, to take the sole mastership of the Old Berkshire Hounds for three years from the close of the present season, when the joint mastership of the Earl of Craven and Mr. T. Duffield will terminate, upon a guaranteed subscription of £1000 per annum, has been accepted by the subscribers.

Sir Charles Legard and Sir Charles Strickland and a very fair field assembled at Potter Brompton on Saturday last, in the hope of enjoying a run with Lord Middleton's hounds, which failed, however, to put in an appearance, owing, no doubt, to the very unfavourable state of the ground. Whereupon a reporter writes in the *York Herald*:—"During the time, however, that they were assembled one gentleman mentioned that that was the third meet at Potter Brompton which he had attended wherein the hounds had failed to put in an appearance; whilst another gentleman expressed a decided conviction that Lord Middleton might with great convenience give up that portion of his hunting-ground to some other M.F.H., or take some means of advising those who assembled of any sudden alteration in arrangements.

The Eskdale hounds had a good run last Monday, when the meet was at Larpool Hall, Whitby, the residence of Captain Turton. After a little delay the hounds were turned into Larpool-woods, and it was not long before the musical "tally-ho" was heard, when a fine fox bounded out of his retreat, and, without hesitation, directed his course by way of the village of Stainsacre. The ground was soft and heavy, the fields open and spaces small, the hedges and ditches numerous and awkward, but no difficulty seems to retard the progress in the heat and excitement of the hunt. Past Stainsacre and Hawske, and away over the fields to the new light-houses. This was just the thing dreaded, for it was felt that if reynard got into the cliffs he would be lost altogether, and the hunt would finish a long way from home. He steered right to the cliffs; yet the hounds kept well up, but on nearing the cliff tops they became uncertain in their movements. The huntsman and whip, however, were vigorous in their exertions, the hounds answered to their calls and persuasions, and, much to the surprise and delight of all, they fell upon the scent, and in a few minutes reynard was disturbed in his retreat, and instead of going into the cliffs he turned his head towards the direction from which he had come. Again the pursuit was hot, and there was a renewal of the joyous excitement of the run for home. The fox steered steadily towards home, skirting Hawske and Stainsacre, and on towards Larpool. Nearing home he was closely pressed, and instead of retreating to Larpool-woods he went towards Smeaton, by Sharrow Riggs and Smeaton Thorpe. Here the chase became hot, the hounds were sure of their game, and on Bennison House farm came direct upon their prey, and the result was a glorious kill in the open. Mr. David Smallwood, jun., was the first in, and became the envied champion of the brush.

MR. J. CHAWORTH MUSTERS, the popular master of the South Notts Foxhounds for many years, has announced his determination to resign his post at the end of the present season, and a meeting of the subscribers is to be held to-day to consider the appointment of a successor.

The Barlow Hounds on Monday had one of the most gallant runs that has fallen to its lot for a long time. Mr. W. Vickers, the master, with the son of the late master, Mr. Hopkinson, started a fox in the Moor Hall Wood, and were in full cry until Burgh's Wood was reached, when reynard, with the pack at his heels, ran on to Raines Wood, thence along the turnpike-road along the top of Owler Bar. At this point the pace was killing, but, nothing daunted, the gallant pack kept their victim well in hand. Past Fisher's plantation they went "helter-skelter" right on to Staniland Woods, the fox straining every nerve to shake off his persistent tormentors. It was no use, however, as no shelter could he find there; so he made his way across by Ecclesall Church to Fulwood Bottom, at which latter place he met his death, after as gallant a struggle as the oldest huntsman present ever took part in. The run lasted two hours and a half, and not a single check occurred in the forty miles of ground that it is computed was covered on the occasion.

LORD LYTTON, the new Viceroy of India, arrived in London on Wednesday from Lisbon.

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

HERR GUNGL AND THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—As a constant frequenter of the concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre and admirer of Herr Josef Gung'l, I trust you will allow me to call your attention to a portion of the interesting article respecting him which appeared in your issue of the 15th inst., and which, I think, unintentionally conveys an impression that is hardly fair to that eminent composer. You there state that Herr Gung'l will not be engaged next season, "as the gradual introduction of higher-class orchestral music had led to the formation of higher-class audiences and a more elevated taste; and the repetition of Gung'l's familiar tunes ceased to attract."

As dance music continued to be a "special feature in the programmes" after the expiration of Gung'l's engagement, I think it is only fair, before we speak of higher-class audiences and more elevated tastes, to call attention to the character of the dance music whirred.

Among a host of pieces, the names even of which it is difficult now to remember, there was one special attraction; this was a set of quadrilles called the "Promenade," the principal feature of which was the introduction of the popular tunes (I had almost said melodies), "Tommy make room for your uncle," "Not before Pa," &c.

Now if the director of the concerts finds that his audiences have more appreciation for "Tommy make room for your uncle," &c. (and I presume, from the number of times the quadrille was played, that such was the case), than they have for the Amoretten Tanze Waltz, he is of course perfectly justified, from that point of view, in preferring it; but let us at least, while regretting the fact, recognise that the want of appreciation of Herr Gung'l's music, of which you speak, certainly was not because the taste of the audiences had been elevated by the performance of higher-class music.—I am, &c.,

A MUSICAL AMATEUR.

CRICKET.—THE OLD MITCHAM PARISH ELEVEN.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—Will you kindly announce the fact that "the Mitcham Parish Eleven" is numbered with the things of the past, and exists no more?

It was inaugurated first in 1868, under the following circumstances:—There were, ten years ago, two or three clubs at Mitcham, but there was not a real good eleven in any one of them, and the expenses were very heavy, with no result; so, at the instigation of a great lover of the game, who formerly resided in Mitcham, we formed a small band of amateurs, who resided at Mitcham or in the adjoining parishes of Morden and Streatham, and guaranteed all expenses, and, with the aid of local professionals and an occasional stranger, made matches under the name of "The Mitcham Parish Eleven;" our challenge against all comers being, "Come as strong as you please—we only want a good match."

The good ship "The Mitcham Parish Eleven" was well found and well manned, and during her eight years' cruise the crew never had a single word of disagreement, in fair weather or foul. She always touched at the Cape of "Good Hope" first, and took in a large cargo. She was in a great many actions, and engaged, amongst other foes, the Surrey Club and Ground and the Junior Surrey (Old Montague) very often; the Civil Service Eleven and the Wimbledon Eleven several times; the Home Circuit, the Incogniti, the Spiders, and many more too numerous to mention.

In November last the crew assembled and discussed objections which had been made (why we know not) that we were not "The Mitcham Parish Eleven," because we did not all live in Mitcham parish; and it was resolved, *nem. con.*, that as the crew of the good ship, "The Mitcham Parish Eleven," had always agreed amongst themselves, they would sooner scuttle the ship than let any one sail under her old flag, so as to lead the outward world to suppose that the old crew was on board; so they scuttled her, and down she went all standing, with her flag flying. They paid off the crew, leaving the honour of the Mitcham roadstead to be supported by any one who likes to man a ship and fight her, whether under the name of a club or under any name they please.

As I had the honour to command the old ship for eight years, under the name of Vincent Crummles and many other names, I must say, in justice to the local "professional" crew, and to the whole crew who man the good ship ("Surrey County"), that they were ready and willing at all times, when disengaged, to join our fighting crew; in other words, to descend to ordinary talk, every professional player of eminence almost in Surrey, and a few from other counties, have played for us for the love of cricket for a nominal consideration, and sometimes for nothing.

We have had, for or against us, during eight years, many of the very best professional and amateur players, and the retrospect of the last eight years is a very agreeable one; and may those who took up the cudgels for Mitcham have an equally good time of it, and no worse luck than we had!

Yours obediently,

FRED. GALE.

THE HABITS AND INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

91, High-street, Worcester, Jan. 10. 1876.

Dear Sir,—I read with much pleasure the account given by Mr. F. B. Grant of the sparrows; and, having been fond of birds all my life, I can tell some curious tales about them, and I quite believe all Mr. Grant says, except that he did not know a cock from a hen bird. Please ask that gentleman if the bird he made such a pet of had a black mark on its breast, as that is a sure sign of a male bird. I know that some people in the country know so little of birds that they think the robin and wren are husband and wife. When I have time I will send you a few anecdotes of birds.

I remain, in haste, yours truly,

GEO. HALL.

DOMESTICITY OF THE INDIAN CARRION CROW.

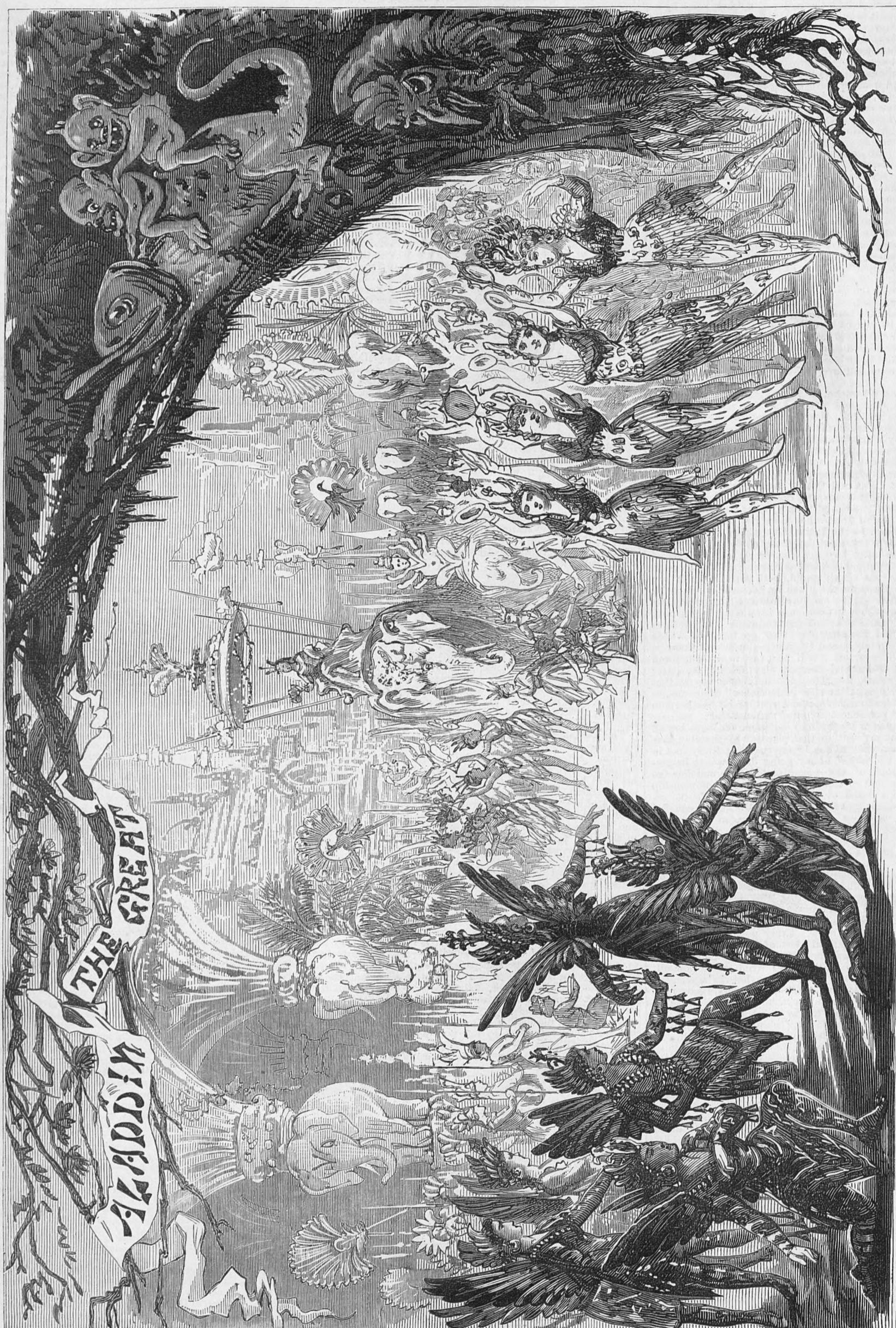
(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—Reading the instructive and amusing account of the little Barbadoes sparrow in your impression of Jan. 8 has brought to my recollection similar traits of instinct, though not of such wonderful love and affection, which have come under my own observation in the Indian carrion crow. These birds, so well known to all Anglo-Indians as the frequenters of our compounds and of the inmost recesses of our bungalows (if permitted), watch and dodge, as it were, our very footsteps; with head cocked knowingly, they stand as if listening to our confidences, ever ready to pop upon some coveted morsel on your table should your head be turned even for an instant.

Such a nuisance had these hangers-on become in one bungalow that I inhabited that I made up my mind to rid me, if possible, of one or two of my troublesome visitors, to be hung up as an example to their companions. Knowing their sagacity, I kept my plans, as I thought, a strict secret, only making a confidant of my boy "Blazes," who assisted me to smuggle a gun, wrapped up in a space punka flounce, out on to the verandah and on to my knee, beneath the table, as I sat at chota hazaree, or early breakfast.

Every other morning, punctual to the hour, had arrived swarms of my dingy-coloured friends. This morning not a black feather was to be seen, neither was there on any morning that the gun thus accompanied me. Of a stick they had no fear, for I had often pointed one at them gun-wise, and they budged not an inch, only uttering defiant caws, head awry, as much as to say, "Me twig." Though thus ware of a gun, on any occasion that I have succeeded in shooting one of these crows, on throwing it up in the air numbers have reappeared and swarmed round the dead one, unmindful of all danger in their apparent solicitude for their fallen comrade.—I remain, yours, &c.,

LAL PUGREE.



SCENE FROM "ALADDIN THE GREAT," AT PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Our Captions Critic.

I have for some time been convinced that Christmas pantomime has become one of the most cynical exhibitions to be witnessed even in this age of ironical improvement.

Professedly got up for the special delectation of youth, and looked forward to by children as the great annual treat, pantomimes are now for the most part composed of materials more calculated to bewilder than to amuse the young and innocent, while they contain much that is fitted to give an unwholesome bent to juvenile precocity.

Their cynicism mostly consists in their treatment—rather let me say maltreatment—of those dainty legends which are the first and best recreation of childhood: fairy tales. Who does not remember the thrilling interest with which one followed in early years the adventures of the heroes or the sufferings of the heroines of these ancient romances, even when conveyed in the limited language of a nursery-maid? To dawning imagination the bare outlines are enough. Fancy supplies the dim mysterious scenery, fills in the colours, and furnishes delicious music. Then alone is Fairyland truly Fairyland to the eye of childhood. The effect of the sight of one pantomime is enough, if not to dissolve altogether the mystic enchantment, at least to leave it everlastingly tarnished and dulled, robbed of its glamour, but invested with other mysteries, not good to penetrate, which vex the innocent soul. The modern pantomime does its best to destroy the traditional beauty and simplicity of the fairy myths. These are full of poetical significance; and, though their effect is vague in early youth, it is yet refining. Witness, too, to what literary value such legends can be raised by such a pen as that of Andersen. Here no shadow of vul-



Enter Mr Fair to the air of
"Tommy make room for your Uncle"

garity or coarse clowning comes to mar the delicate fabric of the fable; no hideous machinery, redolent of the ironfoundry, comes to drag us back to the present hour, in which humanity moves like a mechanical contrivance in regular rotation on prescribed wheels. Here no meaningless horse-play is introduced, teaching boyhood that the laugh of mirth should be loud and hoarse, like that of the Houndsditch gamin—that to be manly is to be brutal, and that the oppression and discomfiture of the weak by the strong is a highly diverting and extremely humorous spectacle.

The fact that Christmas pantomime has become an established institution is a reason why it calls for radical reform. But every succeeding year it seems to degenerate apace; until latterly, in most places, it has become an insane and incongruous jumble of doggerel-writing too contemptible to analyse—music-hall ditties, whose popularity is an unpleasant evidence of the depravity of the public taste—acrobatic antics, which are neither amusing nor vastly clever—monkeyish tricks and idiotic dances: the whole being pervaded with a flavour of vulgarity fulsome in the extreme.

Take, for example, the pretty legend of "Cinderella," with which every christom child is familiar. No story could lend itself more gracefully to the exigencies of a pantomime opening. Methinks I can recollect the substance of it. A certain nobleman had three daughters. The two eldest were grown up young women, full of pride and vanity, the great object of whose lives was the adornment of their persons. The youngest was a gentle maiden just verging on womanhood. She was placed in the position of a household drudge; performed all menial duties; swept the floors, kept clean the hearth, and, whilst her gay sisters were at ball or masquerade, sat by the flickering embers, dreaming those fairy dreams and seeing those fairy visions which Hope vouchsafes to youth alone. She overhears her fashionable sisters talking of a ball to be given by the young Prince (who is rumoured to be very handsome). Straightway, with foreboding instinct, Cinderella longs, as she had never longed before, to accompany her sisters to this ball. But her longing is the longing of despair. Her sisters go without her. Still her wish haunts her. Suddenly a fairy, in the guise of a crone, appears to her, offering



Amazing Electric Effect!
Groups of Females!
Floating in the Air!
Without irons or wires.

her whatever she most desires. The result is that she is provided with gorgeous raiment (including a beautiful pair of glassy slippers), jewellery, carriage, horses, servants, all converted out of homely animals and vegetables. Ere the clock strikes twelve, though, she is under vow to leave the Prince's palace. Thither she wends. She dances with the Prince. The clock begins to strike the hour of midnight. Away she hies, but in her hurry loses one of the slippers; and, before she has fairly passed the threshold of the palace, she is changed again into the ragged cinder-wench who dreamed over the kitchen fire. Then comes in the Prince's proclamation, to the effect that he has found a glassy slipper, and whomsoever it fits her he will wed. Cinderella's sisters, after much effort, are obliged to acknowledge their feet too large; and, finally, Cinderella is discovered to be the owner of the slipper, and all ends merry with a marriage bell.

Such is the outline of a legend which every child knows by heart.

Into what is it transformed in a pantomime? Take, for instance, the present one at Covent Garden, which is no worse than a great many others dealing with the same subject. In the opening scene, it is true, we have not the usual demons with sepulchral voices, who speak an unnecessary prologue which contains sapient allusions to contemporary politics. But instead there is a very charmingly-painted canvas of a garden nook, with a beehive in the centre, and all sorts of domestic fruits surrounding. This scene is the best in the pantomime, the others being mediocre. Cinderella and the Prince are introduced as acquaintances immediately, thus destroying the value of the fairy agency. Cinderella's sisters are personated by two



stalwart comedians, who tumble about the stage apparently with the object of exposing their underclothing—a species of humour which is supposed to be exceedingly acceptable to pit and gallery. They dance, they leap, they shout, they pull each other's hair, and behave generally as the people do who support the clown in the comic scenes after the transformation. The Prince is represented as a young person familiar with all the choicest and most recent songs of the music-hall. The lady who plays the part gives, in her feminine way, occasionally a very fair imitation of the manner of the "lion comiques" of the day. The plot of the story is several times interrupted by performances which have nothing to do with it—notably a nigger, who executes dreary solos upon candlesticks, &c., very wonderful, no doubt, but destructive to the story. Altogether, the graceful fairy legend is turned into a mere vehicle for grotesque antics and catching ditties. To speak more particularly about the Covent Garden pantomime, however, although inferior to last year's, it contains some laughable fooling. It has not that religious tone which pervaded *Babes in the Wood*. Nor is the scenery so equally excellent. Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Fair exert themselves a great deal, and provoke much laughter. Miss Nelly Power, whose absence from the stage has been a matter of regret, is not provided with so effective a part as has usually fallen to her lot; but she acts with her ancient vivacity. Little Miss Amalia, who plays Cinderella, is charmingly quaint and childlike. She ought to be a treasure to any manager at pantomime time. The ballets are meagre; and the masks, I am sorry to say, very old ones, among them being the features of the "Shah of Persia" and "Napoleon III." Altogether there



Mr. J. Wainwright as the
other ugly sister. —

"The ghastly spectacle of a man in
woman's clothes"

W.S. Gilbert (in a letter to the
Newspapers)

is an air of cheapness about the whole entertainment that consorts ill with a statement I lately read in a pamphlet concerning another leading theatre, which talked of pantomime as a "never-failing Pactolus."

As for the transformation scene, I think it high time that these unmeaning pictures should be abolished. Especially because they involve bodily peril to coryphées and others. And although Mr. Charles Rice assures the public in a placard that his transformation scene is "without irons or wires," yet, remembering a recent occasion in Sheffield whereon a wretched ballet-girl "floating in the air," and doubtless furnishing an "amazing electric effect," was, to parody the poet's words,

Roasted to make a British holiday,

I must record my conviction that the game is not worth the candle.

The pantomime at Covent Garden is preceded by what is called in the bill "a good old English" farce. I was rather pleased to hear the hearty laughter caused in the pit by some of its good old and, it must be confessed, broad jokes; for I believe that, with greater freedom of speech and less prudery, we should have better pieces upon the stage and fewer immodest spectacles. In *A Roland for an Oliver* Miss Maude Brennan—an actress who is, I fancy, new to London—plays Maria Darlington with exceeding finish and much vivacity.

Romeo and Juliet is being played at the Haymarket Theatre. I went to see it. In the programme it was announced with much modesty that, "in consequence of the play being acted from the text of Shakespeare," it would constitute the evening's entertainment. The management, however, kindly provided (along with programme) a farce, to entertain the audience between the acts, in the form of a very humorously written biography of the lady who played Juliet. It tells us that

"Though a child, she had nothing of the infant phenomena. Born in Spain, in the town of Saragossa, who had the ripeness

of that sunny soil and luxuriance of physical and intellectual development of which northern nations know nothing."

And again—

"The life of a dramatic artiste begins with her espousal of her art. It would doubtless be a matter of equal value and interest to trace the career of a Neilson from the moment when the first glimmering perceptions of the beautiful dawned upon her to the time when she stood before the world the unrivalled and only expositor of the highest triumphs of the drama."

It also assures us that—

"Particulars of the early life of genius are seldom preserved." This is very true and applicable; but I never learned *why* until now. It is because "Those around its cradle are not often quick to recognise its indices, and the gravity which is often its accompaniment—as if the soul had already prescience of the days of doubt and darkness in store for it—is more frequently taken as a sign of its intellectual slowness than of receptivity."

We are also informed that the tragedienne made her first appearance in "that marine paradise" Margate.

I was so entertained with this witty brochure that I neglected to study the performance.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM NO. 81.—Correct solutions received from I. S. T., R. Redgrave, Whelpe, W. C. L., Margrave, C. Woodman. R. REDGRAVE.—There is no mate in the position submitted, if Black play 1. Kt to B 6, threatening a check next move.

C. C. C.—Mr. Hartwitz is alive, but has left England some years.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 81.

WHITE. 1. Q to K 4
BLACK. 2. P to Kt 5. Mate.

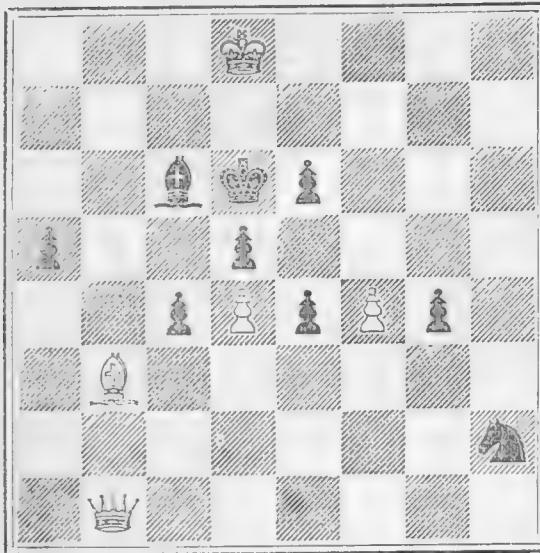
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 82.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 2
2. Kt to K 4
BLACK. B takes Kt (ch)
B moves 3. R takes P. Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 83.

By C. W., late of Sunbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

The two following beautiful games were contested some years ago between Herr Max Lange, the well-known German chess-writer, and Major Fesca, but, we believe, have never been printed in this country. (Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.)

WHITE (Max L.) BLACK (Maj. F.) WHITE (Max L.) BLACK (Maj. F.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 13. B to Kt 5 (a) P to K B 5
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 14. Kt takes P P takes Kt
3. B to Q Kt 5 Kt to K B 3 15. B takes P Kt takes B
4. Castles Kt takes K P (a) 16. Kt takes Kt P to Q Kt 5
5. R to K sq Kt to K B 3 (b) 17. Q to K 2 Q to Q B 4
6. P to Q 4 P to K 5 18. Q R to Q sq P to Q Kt 4
7. P to Q 5 Q Kt to K 2 19. It to Q 5 Q to Q B 5
8. Kt to Kt 5 P to Q B 3 20. Q to K R 5 P to Kt 2
9. P to Q 6 P takes B 21. Q to K B 7 B takes Kt
10. Kt takes K P Kt to Kt sq (c) 22. Q takes B R to K sq
11. Q Kt to B 3 Q to Q R 4 23. R takes Kt, and mates in three more moves.
12. Kt to Q 5 K to Q sq

(a) Nearly all the leading authorities now give this as Black's best move.
(b) We are inclined to prefer 5. Kt to Q 3 at this point.
(c) The best move, we believe.

(d) The attack is admirably sustained. From this point every move tells, and the game will repay the closest examination.

Between the same players.—(Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.)

WHITE (Max L.) BLACK (Major F.) WHITE (Max L.) BLACK (Major F.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 10. Kt to Q B 3 P to K B 3
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 11. Q Kt takes P Kt takes Kt
3. B to Q Kt 5 Kt to K B 3 12. It takes Kt (ch) B to K 2
4. Castles Kt takes K P 13. Kt takes K B P (b) Kt takes Kt
5. R to K sq Kt to K B 3 14. B takes Kt (ch) P takes B
6. P to Q 4 P to K 5 15. Q takes P (ch) B to K sq
7. P to Q 5 Kt to K 2 16. B to K B 4 P to Q 3
8. Kt to Kt 5 Q Kt takes P (a) 17. Q R to K sq
9. B to Q B 4 P to Q B 3 and wins.

(e) In the previous game Black played here 8. P to Q B 3.

(f) All this is very ingenious. The whole game is an improving lesson in the art of "gaining time." Black seems to be always a move behind.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The following smart little Skirmish occurred between Messrs. Mackenzie and Hosmer.—(Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. H.) WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4 9. Q takes Kt Kt to Q B 4
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3 10. B to Q Kt 3 P takes B
3. B to Q Kt 5 P to Q R 3 11. R P takes Kt P to Q 3 (a)
4. B to Q R 4 Kt to K B 3 12. P takes P Q takes P
5. P to Q 4 P takes P 13. Q takes P B to K B 3
6. Castles B to K 2 14. R to K sq (ch) K to Q sq
7. P to K 5 Kt to K 5 15. B to K Kt 5 (b), and wins.
8. Kt takes P Kt takes Kt

(a) An ill-judged move.

(b) The whole of this little game is admirably played by Mr. Mackenzie.

THE BALL in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School has been fixed for Thursday next, the 27th inst., at St. James's Hall, Regent-street. The Asylum ball took place in the same hall last Thursday week.

CANARIES IN VIENNA.—It is proposed to acclimatise canary birds in the Imperial park of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna. Emperor Francis Joseph has given Herr Zirhonger, a retired public servant, a great fancier of birds, permission to stock the park with 150 such birds—namely, 80 males and 70 females.

Croquet.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

The following instructive hand occurred in actual play. The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (a) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

B's HAND.
Clubs —King, 9, 7, 6, 3.
Diamonds—King, 9, 2.
Spades —8, 6.
Hearts —10, 5, 2.

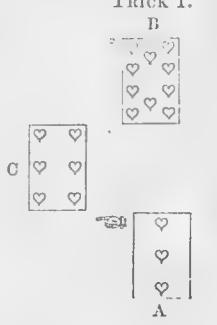
C's HAND.
Clubs —Kt, 4, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 6, 4, 3.
Spades —2.
Hearts —King, Kt, 9, 8, 6.

A's HAND.
Clubs —10, 8, 5.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 7.
Spades —King, 10, 4.
Hearts —Ace, Queen, 4, 3.

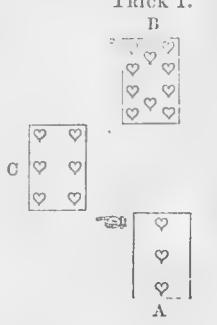
Score—A B, 3; C D, 1.

D deals and turns up the Queen of Clubs.

TRICK 1.

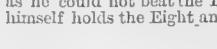


TRICK 6.



A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

TRICK 7.



It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

TRICK 8.

B leads from his five trumps.

TRICK 3.

B leads from his five trumps.

C knows by the fall of the Seven that D (unless he is calling for trumps) cannot hold any more Hearts, as he could not beat the Ten, and C himself holds the Eight and Nine.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

D holds the Queen of Clubs.

A returns his partner's lead of Trumps.

It is now clear to all that D must hold the four remaining Spades, and two unknown cards, which must be either Diamonds or Trumps.

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It might be said indeed that you want more than this,—that you want not only a distinct conception of the game, and of the results of any move, once suggested, but a distinct conception of the sort of strategy which is most likely to change your position for the better and your adversary's for the worse. But that is, we maintain, necessarily implied in the power of realising distinctly the various moves possible and the new positions to which they would lead. The mistake of people who think that great chess-playing should imply a great power of strategy in war, is this—that in chess *all* you need is a vivid and accurate conception of how the board will look if particular moves be made, for in the *look* of the board, if you can forecast it as well as grasp it at the moment, everything is implied. Take the simple case of discovering check, for example, so as to threaten one piece with the piece you move away, while the king is checked by the piece which remains where it was. Any player who can carry the game in his imagination, and all the variations which may be made by moving a piece, sees the double effect of the removal of the mask at a glance, in the very act of conceiving these changes as possible. No estimate has to be formed as to whether the piece will or will not arrive in time, will or will not carry its point, will or will not find the expected forces at the expected points. All the effects in chess are certain. Within the limits of the possible moves the effects are as definite as the moves, and all that is needed is a strong and accurate conception of the further moves which then become possible, and of the new combinations to which they give rise. A man who could in his mind fill at most thirty-two out of sixty-four squares of tessellated pavement with thirty two or fewer distinct figures, and carry in his head how each of them would stand in reference to all the others after any one was moved to a different square, would become, as soon as he knew the moves and rules, a first-rate chess-player, and would, in all probability, possess already a very unusual and first-rate power of constructing geometrical figures vividly, though not by any means necessarily of solving geometric problems. There is no greater delusion than the notion that chess is a game which calls the *reasoning* powers strongly into play. It is a strain not on the powers of reasoning, but on the power of distinctly imagining space. To plan an ambush at chess is not to catch your opponent in a spot where your good sense tells you that he is unable to defend himself, but to discern a move which he, from imperfect powers of constructing the game, is likely to make, without foreseeing the disastrous character of its consequences. There is no calculation of probabilities in chess, unless you speculate, which is always bad play, on the weakness of your opponent, and make a move the effect of which ought to be injurious to you, but by which, if he misses the right reply to it, you will gain a great advantage. In the true play there is no discipline of judgment at all, and no more reasoning than is implied in assuming that if your opponent sees an advantage he will take it, and that you can't have a piece at two places at the same time. These, no doubt, are, strictly speaking, acts of reasoning, but they are very simple ones, of which every man not an idiot is capable. The whole charm and mystery of the game lie not in the least in the exercise of the understanding, but in the exercise of the space-imagination,—a faculty, no doubt, useful in war, but only one of the elements in true strategy. On the one hand, the power of a really great chessplayer is in relation to a particular class of imaginative efforts far beyond the power of even very great Generals. On the other hand, in fifty other exercises of imaginative power, all needless for a good strategist, the great chessplayer may be so deficient that he would be a non-entity instead of a great General at the head of an army. There is a real analogy between the two kinds of powers, only it goes a very little way. Thus, a bad chessplayer will often fail to see that he is using a piece for two distinct purposes which can only be really used for one of them. For instance, that he is using a pawn which is needed to cover his king from check to protect another piece, though in case that other piece were taken the pawn could not be moved away from its actual position to revenge the loss; and a bad strategist might make a corresponding mistake and suffer for it. But the quickness of eye which would discern at once the blunder in such a double use of a military force for two distinct purposes, both of them essential to safety, yet not compatible with each other, would go a very little way indeed towards making a good strategist. A good strategist must have the power of constructing in his imagination all the physical features of the country, especially the roads, out of the hints furnished by a map—which implies imaginative power of a very much more complicated kind, though not of so unusual a degree, as the powers of a great chessplayer. He must have a very exact sense of the time requisite for the operations of war, and of the physical and moral expedients by which that time may be reduced; and he must, in addition, be able to conceive graphically the physical and moral capacity of his own forces and those of his adversaries, and to stimulate his own to the utmost. All these powers imply a very much wider range of imagination, though probably not near so much intensity in particular exercises of it, as the powers of a first-rate chessplayer. Indeed, the former bear to the latter the relation which the power of conceiving minutely the ground-plan and elevation of a house bears to the power of reconstructing in imagination, though not necessarily so accurately, its whole interior with all the available re-

sources for living and enjoyment which it contains. But there is a real foundation however slight, for the notion that the powers of a great chessplayer bear some analogy to the powers of a great strategist. At the basis of both stands the power of promptly grasping the various space-relations of a limited area, and of varying in the mind's eye the positions occupied by different "pieces" on that area. Without a tolerably high degree of this power, you would not get either a great chessplayer or a great strategist; though it is quite true that with it alone you would get only the former and not the latter.

For this notion, then, that there is really a kind of strategy in chess, there is a sound basis. But there is no such excuse for the vague popular notion that great powers of chessplaying imply the sort of craft necessary for statesmanship. As a matter of fact, the truly wonderful chessplayers of the world have very seldom been remarkable for anything else. We think we have shown that they ought to have had at least the imaginative qualities of good geometers; but we are not aware that they often have made great geometers, and probably they would not have been likely to do so without unusual reasoning powers as well, which chess does not either require or educate. Certainly, while there are plenty of instances of great politicians and great statesmen delighting in deep gambling, we cannot recall one who was known as a first-rate chessplayer. People are deceived by words. They hear of a "brilliant combination" in chess and of a "brilliant combination" in politics, and they think there is some analogy between the two. But look at what you really mean, and you will find that a brilliant combination in chess is nothing in the world but a power of so anticipating moves, and the effects of moves, as to bring a good many pieces to act on the same square—i.e., either on the same piece or else on the pieces which support it. But in politics a brilliant combination means something entirely different; it means a brilliant insight into character, a clear perception of the sort of moral influence which will carry this point, and the sort which will carry that, and a power of marshalling all the influences needed so as to bring them to bear simultaneously on the different persons whose consent is wanted to any policy. Consider this sort of faculty closely, and you will find that it has not necessarily any single element in common with the power of producing what are called "brilliant combinations" at chess. Indeed, though the play of a great chessplayer is a very high and intense exercise of the imagination, it is an exercise of imagination of a very thin kind indeed, which not imply any considerable imaginative grasp of the realities of life. The man who has the most vivid geographical conceptions may have the most pallid of moral and practical conceptions. Indeed, the imagination useful in chess need not be useful at all in politics or diplomacy, and very rarely, indeed, would be. Probably the highest chess imagination which the world ever knew would be compatible, and has been compatible, we take it, with extreme imbecility, even of the imaginative kind, in dealing with the affairs of life or the characters of men. And as for the power required to play a good game of chess, with ample time for each move, and full leisure to work out its effect on a board, it really is not remarkable at all. The only remarkable power displayed in chess is the power of anticipating or imagining the exact state of the board without seeing it; and that can only be properly displayed in playing with a present adversary, and not playing very slowly either.—*Spectator*.

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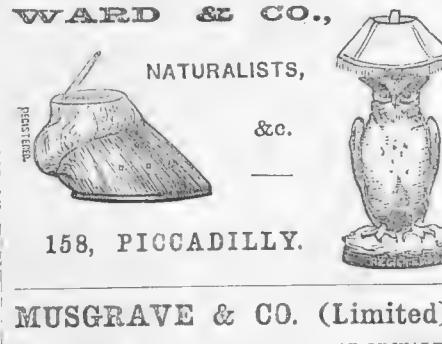
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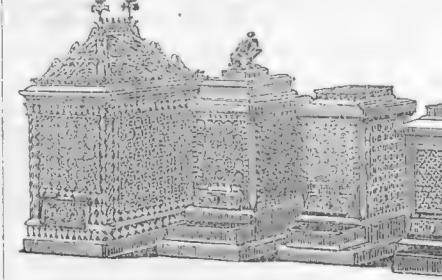


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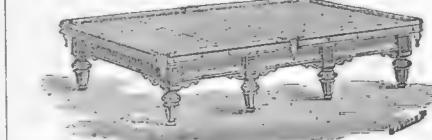
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 3. RHODA, roan mare, by Rapid Rhone; has been hunted by a lady.
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THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10s and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5s and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10s, half-bred mares at 5s, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.
 At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

L ORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25s, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10s, and 10s. the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5s thoroughbred, and 3s half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

K ING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30s a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.

Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

To serve mares, 1876, in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer, her dam Sunflower, by Bay Middleton. Merry Sunshine having won the £200 prize at Guisborough, will serve all mares at £2 12s. 6d., groom's fee included.

Apply to W. T. SHARPE, Esq., Baumber Park, Horn-castle.

At NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

A STEROID (Sire of Siderol), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10s and 10s. the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

At FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40s each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20s each.

Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey,

CARNIVAL. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50s. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50s. The subscription to this horse is full.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40s.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25s.

CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacanora, and by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15s.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Foaling mares 25s. per week; barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50s; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25s; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

MARTYRDOM, at 10s; Groom's fee, 10s.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to JOHN HUBY, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50s a Mare.

MUSKET, at 40s a Mare.

Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s per week.

For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

At Baumber Park, near Horn-castle, Lincolnshire,

SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of

Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15s a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c.

Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15s. STENTOR (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10s.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10s

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY.

VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs), by Saccharometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25s.

GUY DAYRELL (aged), by Wild Dayrell out of Reginella. Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Stockbridge Cup, and many other races. Thoroughbreds, 6s; half-breds, 3s; foaling mares, 21s.; barren mares, 16s. per week.

Good accommodation for mares. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Nearest Station for Packington, Hampton-in-Arden, L.N.W.

For any information apply to W. MEECE, Stud Groom.

At Neasham Hall Stud Farm, near Darlington,

PALMER, THE (brother to Rosicrantic), by Beadsman out of Madame Eglen-tine, by Cowl (by Bay Middleton out of Crucifix), grandam, Diversion, by Defence; thirty public mares at 25s each, and one guinea the groom. Subscription to this Horse is full.

Foaling mares at 25s., barren at 18s. per week.

Apply to the Stud-groom, as above.

At Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one hour and a half from London and the same from Newmarket.

BERTRAM, a limited number of mares, at 15s each.

GROUSE (sire of Game Bird, Lady Louisa, &c.), own brother to Laburnum, by King Tom out of own sister to Bushy-Benny, thoroughbred mares, 10s; half-bred, 5s; farmers' mares, 3s.

Apply to Mr. WALKER, as above.

AT WAREHAM'S FARM, SUTTON-PLACE, GUILDFORD.

THUNDERBOLT. Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50s a mare, groom's fee included.

THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam, Needle, by Camel. Ten Mares, besides his owner's. Thoroughbred Mares at 10s; Half-bred, 5s; groom's fee included.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to Mr. G. PAYNE, Stud Groom, as above.

STEPHEN GRANT,

By Special appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, BRECH-LLOADING GUN & RIFLE MANUFACTURER,

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(ESTABLISHED 1770), are now manufacturing to order RIGBY'S PATENT SNAP-LEVER DOUBLE GUNS, with latest improvements in shooting power.

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H ENRY W. EG G, PATENT SNAP-ACTION GUNS. All the latest improvements. Express Rifles, Rook Rifles, Revolvers, 1, Piccadilly, London.

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one by poor old Thormanby out of Catherine, by Macaroni. A very smart racing-like gentleman, this chestnut; and we sincerely hope that some one of Thormanby's posthumous offspring may be found worthy to succeed to his father's throne, or the Pantaloons succession will become extinct in the male line. Celerrima has been well mated with Macaroni, and so far as size and bone are concerned there is not a better yearling about the place than Paul Jones's filly from Lucy Bertram. The same sire has a colt from old Heroine (the dam of Athena); and the other Finstall horse, Cardinal York, is well represented by a clean-made, level, short-legged filly out of Myrus, a Stockwell mare. Couleur de Rose has been well suited by the handsome little Orest, her filly showing signs of soon realising the "nimble ninepence" for her prospective owner; and Mr. Bell is very sweet upon May Queen's Restitution yearling. This sire is making good way in the affections of breeders, as we had reason to remark last year, when his stock made a fair beginning; and among all King Tom's sons there is none more thoroughly a chip of the old block. Molly Carew's lengthy Macaroni filly had only just pulled through a long illness, and was "down" accordingly; but there is plenty for it to grow to if it only takes a start with returning spring. A Thunderbolt filly out of Indian Princess has a "taste" of Madeira about her, but with larger bone and more substance; and Marchioness Maria is likely enough to have her name enrolled as one of the cracks of the Cobham collection should all go well with the young lady Adventurer, who starts in life next year. Rosicrucian's brown colt out of Bella's dam, if he had a little more size, would rank among the very best of the bunch; as it is, he is one of the most racing-like "among them a" and should blossom early in the season. Brother to Claremont is not one of our favourites, and since Glenalmond the tribe seem to have acquired more commanding size at the expense of quality and symmetry. Merlette's colt has most remarkable hocks, certainly not inherited from Macaroni, and this chestnut daughter of the Baron has hitherto been cursed with most provoking luck. We have only noticed a moiety of the troupe which six months hence will be on the eve of dispersion through the many training-homes of England. It is but a passing glance at those which at present promise to be the gems of the sale; so our rough notes must be accepted with all reservation, and our criticism but lightly regarded.

The yearlings for sale next June are as follow:—

Yearling.	Sire.	Dam.
Colt.....	Rosicrucian.....	Albatross
Colt.....	Marsyas.....	Alva
Colt.....	Costa.....	Black Rose
Filly.....	Scottish Chief.....	Better Half
Filly.....	Macaroni.....	Becky Sharpe
Colt.....	Scottish Chief.....	Celerrima
Filly.....	Macaroni.....	Chiffonière
Colt.....	Chattanooga.....	Cire
Colt.....	Blair Athol.....	Coimbra
Colt.....	Blair Athol.....	Cestus
Filly.....	Broomielaw.....	Couleur de Rose
Filly.....	Orest.....	Catherine
Colt.....	Thormanby.....	Dentelle
Colt.....	Speculum.....	Frolicsome
Colt.....	Rosicrucian.....	Fricandeau
Filly.....	Macaroni.....	Heroine
Colt.....	Paul Jones.....	Indian Princess
Filly.....	Thunderbolt.....	Lovelace
Filly.....	Blair Athol.....	Lucy Bertram
Filly.....	Paul Jones.....	Lure
Colt.....	Promised Land.....	Merlette
Colt.....	Macaroni.....	Minnie Troil
Filly.....	Adventurer.....	Molly Carew
Filly.....	Macaroni.....	Marchioness Maria
Filly.....	Adventurer.....	Cardinal York
Filly.....	Cardinal York.....	Myrus
Colt.....	Blair Athol.....	Madame Eglantine
Filly.....	Chattanooga.....	Mrs. Croft
Filly.....	Scottish Chief.....	Masquerade
Colt.....	Broomielaw.....	Menace
Filly.....	Restitution.....	May Queen
Filly.....	Marsyas.....	Ortolan
Filly.....	Scottish Chief.....	Polias
Filly.....	Blair Athol.....	Rose of Kent
Colt.....	Cardinal York.....	Stockhausen
Filly.....	Macaroni.....	Semiramis
Colt.....	Costa.....	Scylla
Colt.....	Blair Athol.....	Southern Cross
Colt.....	Julius.....	So Glad
Filly.....	Marsyas.....	Topsy
Colt.....	Lord Lyon.....	Trickish
Colt.....	Restitution.....	Truefit
Colt.....	Blair Athol.....	Vergeiss-mein-Nicht
Colt.....	Strathcovan.....	Hermione
Colt.....	Macgregor.....	Mrs. Acton

From an inspection of the above list it will appear that, while Blair Athol worthily heads the roll-call with seven representatives, six are to Macaroni's account, four to Scottish Chief's, three belong to Marsyas, two each to Costa, Rosicrucian, Chattanooga, Broomielaw, Paul Jones, Adventurer, Cardinal York and Restitution; and Orest, Thormanby, Speculum, Thunderbolt, Macgregor, Lord Lyon, Strathcovan, Julius, and Promised Land are each credited with one. Thus, no less than twenty-one sires will be represented in the catalogue, and as caterers for public taste the Stud Company have done wisely and well in supplementing so liberally their home resources. Buyers like a variety; and, as all the world comes to Cobham, there are numerous fancies to please; and we may say with justice that the list of high-class sires, north and south, has been lavishly laid under contribution to supply the wants of all. The fashion of exchanging mares between breeders is coming largely into fashion, and with excellent results, so far as change of blood is concerned, besides being the means of readier intercommunication between those interested in matters appertaining to the stud-farm.

The fourscore matrons borne on the establishment at Cobham are mostly in blooming condition, and likely to make their annual contribution to the foal-list. Last season was a most unfavourable one, and many mares throughout the country could not be got in the humour at all. So that we must expect a foal-list of smaller proportions than usual, and trust to a more genial season to make up losses. The Stud Company may now be described as fairly on its legs, and in good working order. No private enterprise approaches it in magnitude; and from what we have seen of the interior working of other breeding centres, we should say that much economy was practised in all departments, and that there is no neglect or waste in any branch of this gigantic undertaking. It is a good sign, and one indicative not only of good government but of prosperity, when servants are found remaining in their places year after year; for nothing can be more unsatisfactory and unprofitable than the constant chopping and changing of grooms and attendants. It is quite as disturbing to equine intelligence as to human minds to be at the mercy of different sets of people, coming and going at uncertain intervals, and upsetting all ideas of order and regularity. Happily we encounter nothing of this sort at Cobham; and the authorities there bear an excellent name all over the country for careful attention to the wants of the animals under their charge. This is as it should be, for he who controls in a penurious

spirit the commissariat of a stable is certain to reap the fruits of his bad judgment in unsatisfactory sales and lack of public patronage for his horses. We shall now set about our annual inspection of the more important studs, commencing with those in the south of England, and finding our way northwards when longer days are upon us.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SPORT IN CEYLON.

The Prince of Wales has arrived, and the Prince of Wales has departed. He has shot his elephant, and he has knighted our Governor. The sublime to the ridiculous: and Ceylon is once more left to its Oriental apathy, except that there arises every now and then in the columns of the "dailies" a heartrending cry from Mudlyar. This because his future "papa" didn't give him a present, while Mudlyar That got one; or from some "poor unfortunate, rashly importunate," who thinks that he was slighted by being left out in the cold, or rather in the heat, at the ball, while his next-door neighbour, who has an income of five rupees ninety-four cents less per annum, and consequently in his opinion in a lower scale of society, had the honour of rubbing shoulders, or mayhap colliding with Royalty in the mazy circles of "ye dance."

But "enough of this Hal;" and it was sport I promised to write to you about, and not the private bickerings of the "poor, down-trodden native."

This article may be truly headed "The Prince of Wales's sport," because I cannot, with truth, call it "sportsman's sport." I call it "sport" when you have to walk your own game up, have a hard day's work to get at your quarry, and finally, perhaps, miss it; but that is *true* sport; and, besides, brings out all a man's Red Indian qualities—endurance, never to know when you are "done up," and, if you do happen to miss after all, not to throw your gun down in a rage and curse your cartridges, and anything and everything but your own bad shooting, but to take the miss like a man, and hope for better luck next time, even if you have trudged all day with the hot sun of an Eastern sky blazing on your head, and having had to force every step of your way through dense scrub. This is *real* sport. I don't mean exactly the walking part of the business; but, if successful, that adds to the zest. Stalking deer is sport of this kind; so is elephant-shooting, if done in the same way; but I don't call a kraal *real* sport. There you have your animals provided for you. You pay your money and you take your choice. You ride or drive to the entrance of the kraal, enter, pick out your elephant, and shoot him—if you can—and retire. And this is what the Prince did. Very good fun, I daresay, though I have never tried it; but when you hear of the Prince's "sport" in Ceylon, you may know that this was the kind of thing—a sort of second edition of the wild cows. It was feared at first that there would be no kraal, owing chiefly to the uncertainty of his Royal Highness's movements, as unless he came within a certain time it would be impossible to keep the elephants together. As it happened, it was with the greatest difficulty that the beaters succeeded in keeping the herd together, and once or twice they nearly broke away. I may remark *en passant*, for the benefit of those of your readers who are ignorant how a kraal is got up, that when a site for the kraal is determined upon, the Rhatmahatela, or Cinghalese chief of the district, sends as many men as he can summon into the neighbouring country, whose duty it is to collect the elephants into a herd and drive them into the kraal or inclosure. The beaters form a circle—at first wide, but gradually narrowing as they approach the kraal. At night large watchfires are lit to keep the elephants in; but often they break away, and then the whole work has to be done over again. Arrived at the kraal, the great difficulty is to get the elephants to enter; but, once in, they are generally pretty secure.

The first plan for the Prince's shooting was that it should be in the Trincomalee jungle; but either his time was limited or his medical advisers were unwilling that he should expose himself to the risk of fever, in which case I think they were right, for, although the shooting is better there, it is anything but a healthy district to one who is unacclimated; so that plan was given up, and Ruanwella selected as the spot to be immortalised as the scene of the Rajahs' exploits. So a site for kraal was selected and beaters sent off to drive in the elephants. But it was to be a private kraal. No vulgar eye was to gaze upon Royalty, and "Specials," *et hoc genus omne*, were told to "move on." There is a tale afloat, though, that one enterprising "Special," not to be done, shaved his head, plus a "top knot," put the requisite string round his waist, and, having blackened his body, took the place of a beater. So if you see a fuller account than this you may know who wrote it. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the island there was a public kraal. A perfect village sprung up round it, and "Cadyan" huts were let out at something like a guinea the night. All the planters in the island thronged to it, and when the Duke arrived he passed under one of the most unique, and, as an evidence of loyalty, I daresay unsurpassed triumphal arches ever erected. It was composed of all the empty champagne, soda-water, brandy, and beer bottles emptied by his loyal countrymen in Ceylon in drinking his health while awaiting his arrival. In this case, however, these symbols of the "drouthiness" of the Englishman in the East were wanting.

From Kandy, where he had been for the last day or two, and an account of the proceedings at which place will have reached you long ere this, the Prince took train to Navalapitiya, and thence drove to Ruanwella. His first escapade was to drive four miles past the kraal, and as the horses were tired he did not get back till late. The next day was the "Sawbath," which "he spent in retirement;" but on Monday morning, all being in readiness, he prepared to slay his elephant. A herd of about sixteen elephants had been collected, little thinking that some of their number were destined to die by a Royal bullet, or I have no doubt they would not have waited to have been driven, but have respectfully requested, by intelligible trumpets, H.R.H. to shoot them, so that they might be transported to the happy jungle which is the fate of an elephant shot by a Rajah. In fact, a native told a friend of mine that the Rajah had shot an elephant which had instantly disappeared, no doubt to do duty in the Royal palace above. I expect the elephant did disappear—into the jungle. But I may say that there is no doubt of this tale, as the native who told it is one "yelept" Walkeratchi Appoo, a half-caste descendant of one General H. Walker, who commanded the horse marines in this island during the reign of George III.

Early in the morning H.R.H. stepped into the kraal. A perch (tell it not in Gath) had been erected in the kraal on which the Prince was supposed to sit, so as to be out of danger. But H.R.H. very properly declined to use it, preferring to run any danger there was by shooting in the ordinary way—namely, on foot. The Prince was accompanied by Messrs. Fisher and Varian, two gentlemen who, it is said, never yet missed an elephant, an honour that can be claimed by few, and who were to be in readiness lest the Prince missed; but their presence was needless, unless to give confidence, as, when the

herd came towards him, H.R.H. singled out his elephant and fired, and (will it be disloyal in me to say so?), to the surprise of not a few, killed him. He had yet another shot, but this time, from some reason or other, the honour of killing was claimed by more than he. This was the last shot he had, as the elephants broke away and went off into the jungle, and it was all the Governor and company could do to prevent his Royal Highness following them. He would have got his pretty shooting-suit spoilt if he had.

The Royal party had also some snipe-shooting, but I am not sure of the amount of the bag. The Prince proved himself, however, to be a most excellent snipe-shot, bringing down a couple, right and left, in a most workman-like manner.

The snipe-shooting in Ceylon is, I suppose, unequalled in the world. Shooting in the low country, you every now and then come upon some deserted "paddy"-fields, which are really swamps, undisturbed by man, and where snipe congregate literally in hundreds, so that Ceylon sportsmen are generally first-rate snipe-shots.

And now this is all I have to say with regard to the Prince's sport. Very meagre, I allow, but it is really all that happened. When we heard that he was coming to the island "to shoot" we expected a week at least. But then Kings and Kaisers are not like other mortals, and have to stick to a programme, and the programme decreed that he should shoot his elephant at a particular time and place, and he did so.

Returning from the kraal an accident occurred which might have been serious. The Ceylon roads are very narrow, and are generally unprotected at the sides. One of the wheels of the carriage in which the Prince was seated went over the bank, the carriage was overturned, and its occupants thrown out. Luckily, the ground was soft, owing to heavy rain, and no one was hurt. The Prince stood on the road while the horses were being extricated, and seemed chiefly to be concerned lest his elephant's tail should be lost. I hear that one of the Cinghalese chiefs has presented a baby elephant to his Royal Highness, which is to be sent home.

All the natives as well as the Europeans in Ceylon were delighted with the Prince; and he won all our hearts by his "Haffability" and good humour. He will be the most popular Rajah that has ever ruled over Ceylon, and as deservedly loved by the Kandyans as their former Kings were deservedly hated. He has not the bad habit some of them had—namely, that of ordering a few score heads to be struck off.

"By-the by," apropos of elephant-shooting, a friend of mine told me the other day an instance of marvellous coolness. A friend of his, Arthur K., was sitting in his bungalow one afternoon, when a native rushed up to say that there was a "rogue" elephant in the "paddy"-fields, and wishing the "dore" (master) to come and shoot him. It so happened that K. at that time had no ammunition for his rifle, and the only thing he had that would fire a bullet was an old muzzle-loader, and, worse still, he could find only one bullet that would fit it. But, nothing daunted, he issued forth to do battle with the "rogue," supported by two natives, armed with "Brummagem." He soon came upon the rogue, who waited until he came within shot and then seemed to prepare to charge. K. "presented" and pulled the trigger, but the cap snapped, and the elephant came right at him. The natives bolted, but K. never budged, but quickly removed the cap and placed another on the nipple; and when the elephant was within a few yards of him he fired and brought him down. If he had missed or been a few seconds later he would have been trampled to death. There is some excitement in shooting of that kind.

And now one word, and then "finis." Why don't more home sportsmen come out here?

There are many wandering about Europe, seeking what they may kill, to whom time and money is no object. Why not try new hunting-grounds? The voyage, via Brindisi, is only three weeks, and a very pleasant voyage it is; and when you arrive here you will see a new country and a new people, and have shooting and scenery unsurpassed in the world, while the cost would not be much more, if as much, as taking a moor. The great beauty of Ceylon shooting is its variety; your day's bag may comprise everything from an elephant to a jungle fowl or snipe. True, there is a prohibition in force against shooting elephants without a license; but that can easily be obtained especially just now, as the elephants, once nearly exterminated, are again so numerous as to have become a nuisance. I am sure if any sportsmen from "Merrie England" do come here they will have good shooting, and, moreover, a hearty welcome from their brethren in the Ceylon jungle.

M.

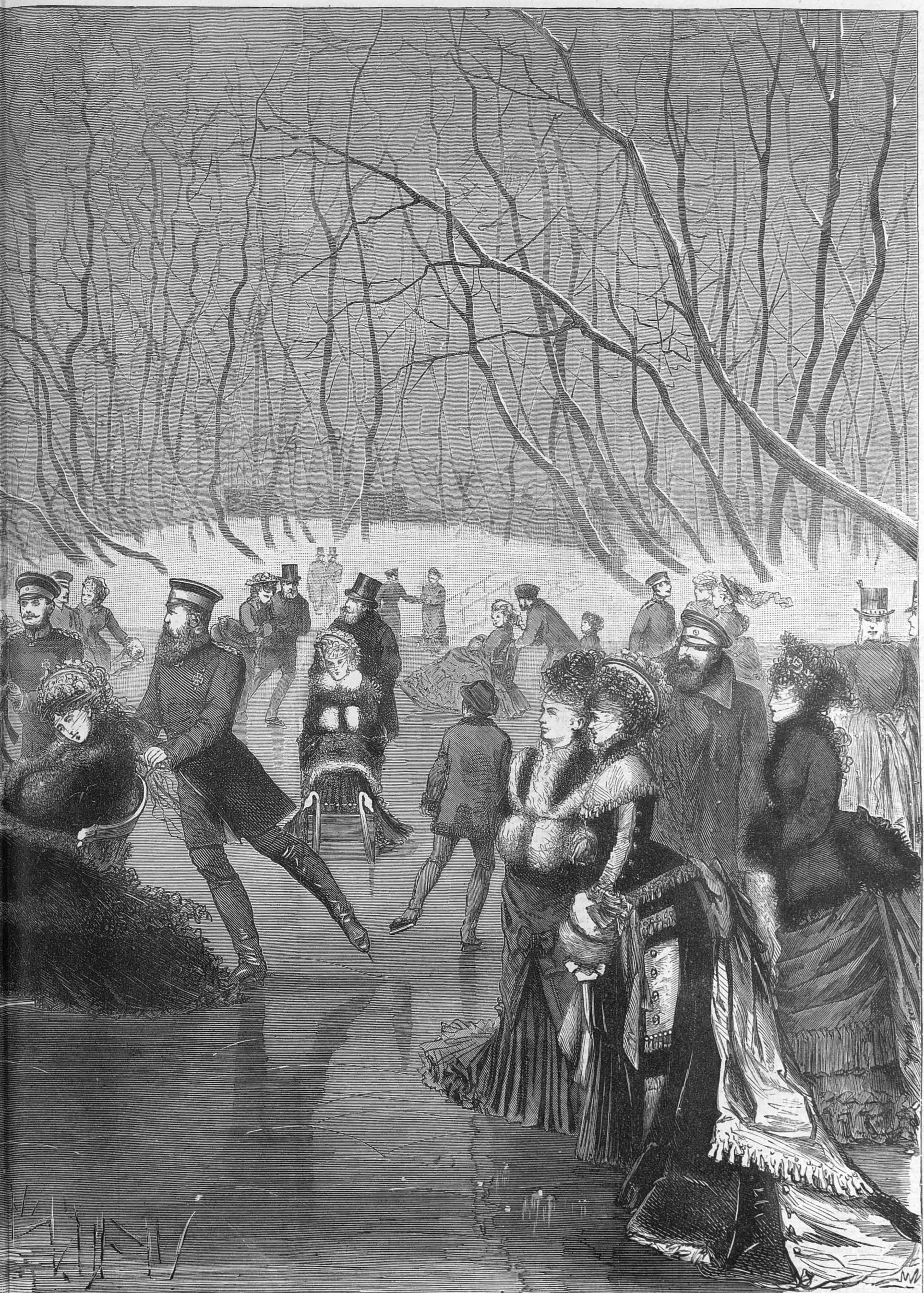
KING'S-CROSS THEATRE.—The eighth performance of the Betterton Dramatic Club at this house was very creditable. Our old friend *Meg's Diversion* was given, followed by the capital one-act comedy *The First Night*. Mr. Harry Procter acted, as usual, with vigour and point, as Jasper Pidgeon. Perhaps the part hardly suited him as well as the "character old men" in which he usually appears, but we confess that we know of no other amateur who could play it nearly as well. Mr. Light looked and acted Jeremy Crow capitally; and Mr. Holder was not bad as Sir Ashley Merton, though he lacked animation and confidence. Mr. Byrton's Eytern disappointed us, and Mr. Chester's Roland was simply very bad indeed; while the pretty representative of Cornelia Crow shocked our sensitive ears by numberless murdered h's. Miss Florence Wade was a tolerable Mrs. Netwell, and improved a little in the second piece, as Miss Fitzjames; but neither Meg nor Rose Dufarel suited Miss St. Aubyn, cleverest of amateur soubrettes. As the hero of *The First Night*, Mr. Herbert Tree showed admirable promise; he has both originality and power, and if he will work hard to correct a certain awkwardness of action and to acquire a thorough knowledge of stage business, he ought to become one of the most effective eccentric comedians on the amateur stage. At the same time, we must warn him that his indulgence in foolish gags and his inartistic endeavours to concentrate all the attention of the audience upon himself very seriously mar our enjoyment of his acting. Mr. Lewis Lewis, one of the cleverest of "the Bettertons," set an admirable example to ambitious amateurs by playing a most insignificant part. Mr. Hoode hardly seemed at home in *Fitzdangle*; but Messrs. Byrton and Chester played two small parts very funny. The entire performance was repeated on the following night.

SCOTTISH GIRL v. CHIVERTON.—A match for £80 projected for decision on the Town Moor at Newcastle-on-Tyne between Mr. Routledge's grey mare Scottish Girl and Mr. Hay's bay horse Chiverton, on Monday, the 24th inst., has been declared void, the Chiverton party declining to proceed any further with the affair.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 2s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVR.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.





WINNING YACHTS IN 1875.

DATE.	CLUB.	MATCH.	FIRST PRIZE.			SECOND PRIZE.			THIRD PRIZE.			REMARKS.
			YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	YACHT.	TONS.	VALUE.	
MAY. 13	Corinthian	10 Tonners	Zephyr	10	£12	May	6	£5				
14	Prince of Wales	5	Adele	5	£7	Ellen	4	£3				
15	R. London	20 Tons and under.	Aveyron	15	£25	Fleetwing	20	£10				
"	"	Cutters, 1st Class	Neva	62	£100							
"	"	2nd Class	Norman	39	£80							
"	R. Alfred	3rd Class	Vanessa	20	£20							
18		First Channel Match	Speranza	75	£25							
22	Cheshire	Second Channel Match	Niobe	40	£25							
"	"	Extra Match	Ildegoada	14	£15							
"	R. Alfred	1st Class Ordinary	Naiad	9	£15							
26		2nd Class Ordinary	Wyvern	5	£7 10							
28	Corinthian	No. 2 Champion Cup	Niobe	40	£35							
29	Junior Thames	20 Tonners	Aveyron	15	£25	Nadjeda	20	£10				
"	R. Alfred	15 and 7 Ton Class	Dudu	15	£10 10	Aveyron	15	£5 5				
"	R. Alfred	2nd Class	Virago	6	£5 5	Adele	5	£3 3				
31	R. London	Corinthian 10 Tons	Lily	10	£15							
"	New Thames	Yawl Match	Corisande	141	£100	Vigilant	40	£60				
"	"	Cutters, 1st Class	Cygnet	43	£100	Surge	14	£20				
JUNE. 1	R. Thames	" 2nd Class	Thought	27	£30							
5	Cheshire	Cutters, 1st Class	Neva	63	£100	Iona	66	£40				
"	Corinthian	Cutters, 2nd Class	Britannia	40	£100	Norman	40	£30				
11	Junior Thames	Yaws—	Lily	10	£15							
12	"	1st Class	Wyvern	5	£7 10	Nadjeda	20					
"	"	1st Class	Sweetheart	23		Surge	14	£5 5				
"	R. Alfred	2nd Class	Aveyron	15	£12 12	Virago	6	£5 5				
14	R. Thames	3rd Class	Adele	5	£3 3							
"	"	20 Tonners	Vanessa	20	£25							
"	R. Alfred	Schooners	Egeria	156	£105	Sea Belle	142	£50				
15	R. London	Yaws, 1st Class	Florida	136	£100							
16	R. Alfred	" 2nd Class	Gertrude	68	£40							
17	New Thames	Schooners	Egeria	156	£100							
19	R. Thames	Champion Cup, No. 3	Vanessa	20	£20							
"	R. Cinque Ports Regatta	Yaws	Surf	49	£106	Dauntless	128	£40				
"	"	Channel Match	Sea Belle	142	£105	Surf	54	£50				
"	"	Not exceeding 12 Tons.	Fleetwing	20		Fiona	77	£50				
"	"	8 Tons.	Quiver	12	£15	Violet	9	Medal				
21	"	Schooners	Wild Rose	6	£10							
"	"	Yaws	Gwendoline	192	£80							
"	"	Cutters over 50 Tons	Florida	136	£60							
22	"	Cutters over 20 under 50 Tons	Fiona	77	£60							
"	"	Dover to Boulogne and back	Hypathia	45	£40							
26	New Thames	Channel	Corinne	160	£105							
28	Corinthian	2nd Class	Florinda	136	£100							
"	R. Harwich Regatta	3rd Class	Fiona	77	£50							
"	"	Over 25 Tons, Open	Fiona	77	£50	Surf	49	£40				
"	R. Harwich Y.C.	Schooners and Yaws	Virago	6		Snowdrop	17	£20				
29	R. Harwich Y.C.	Cutters	Adele	5								
"	R. Mersey Regatta	Channel Match	Fiona	77	£50							
"	"	Exceeding 40 Tons	Nadjeda	20	£20							
"	"	Not exceeding 40 Tons	Coralie	40	£20							
"	"	" 20 "	Olga	217	£50							
"	"	" 15 "	Surf	49	£25							
30	"	10 "	Fleetwing	20	£10							
"	"	Exceeding 40 "	Olga	217	£25							
"	"	Not exceeding 40 "	Cythera	77	£50							
"	"	" 20 "	Neva	111	£70							
"	"	" 15 "	Bloodhound	40	£50	Myosotis	40	£20				
"	"	4th Class Match	Vanessa	20	£30	Hinda	18	£10				
"	"		Queen	15	£15							
"	"		Lily	10	£20	Queta	10	£5				
"	"		Neptune	50	£50	Cythera	111	£20				
"	"		Britannia	40	£50	Myosotis	40	£20				
"	"		Vanessa	20	£30	Ivanhoe	20	£10				
"	"		Fairlie	15	£15							
"	"		Elaine	10	£20	Queta	10	...				

"A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA."
BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO THE INDIAN HUNTING-GROUNDS.

NO. III.

A GLANCE at the shipping advertisement-sheet of the *Times* will at once reveal what a vast number of rival companies there are that run passenger-steamers out to the East. *Seniores priores*, and the P. and O. at once suggests itself as being the best. Certain it is that it is the oldest and the most expensive, and has, moreover, the honour of carrying her Majesty's mails. But the man whose ambition it is to "do" his sporting trip to India for £200 will be prudent in looking elsewhere; for the first-class fare by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers to Bombay is £68, and £37 for the second cabin, with a reduction of 20 per cent on the return fare only if the traveller starts back again within the six months. It is, of course, "the correct thing, you know," to sail by the mail-steamer, and if it was not for that idea being deeply rooted in the minds of all Anglo-Indians, I don't know what the dividends of the famous steam-ship company would be next time. But a sportsman paying a flying visit to the land of the pagoda-tree can afford to journey thither in much less imposing style than the portly Indian civilian or pompous burra sahib. He has the choice of many steamers. He can go via Marseilles by the *Messagerie Maritime*, or from Genoa by the *Rubattino*, or from Trieste by the Austrian *Lloyd's*, all of which routes he will find more or less expensive (generally "more"). Then he can sail in what have been somewhat contemptuously termed the "Canal-wallahs," or ordinary trading steamers, that start at various dates for the East, via the Suez Canal. As a rule, the passage-money by these vessels is 50gs for the first and 30gs for the second class. It is prudent, however, to look before one leaps, and I would strongly advise a visit to the vessel before securing one's berth. I once engaged a passage to Bombay in a steamer which I had never seen. The very reminiscence causes me to break out into a profuse perspiration. She had been built for the Baltic trade, and the cabins cunningly contrived with a view to keep out the cold. Going down the Red Sea I had what is called in vulgar parlance a "benefit."

For my own part, anxious as I was and am to save all unnecessary expense, I determined to go by the cheapest route I possibly could, and my sordid glance fell upon the advertisement of the Anchor line, that starts a steamer regularly once a month from Liverpool to Bombay, the first-class single fare being 45gs, the second class 25gs, and the return passage, prepaid, respectively £80 and £42.

Contrary altogether to my own inclination, I determined to travel second class, knowing that, should it prove even more uncomfortable than I anticipated I could easily pay the difference in the fares to the purser and change to the saloon. If (I argue to myself) a penny saved is a penny gained, in like manner must thirty-eight pounds saved be thirty-eight pounds in pocket; and three hundred and eighty rupees will go a long way in India. Therefore, I murmured with a feeling of consolation, if I put up with a little discomfort at sea, great will be my joy on land. Pardon me for harping on these personal details, but, inasmuch as I have undertaken to "do" the whole trip for £200, I must look after the "bawbees."

The first thing that pleased me with regard to the Anchor Line was that its steamers invariably sail to date—a point to which I cannot too strongly draw attention; and when I once got on board I am bound to say I was most agreeably disappointed in all the adverse prognostications my mind had conjured up. So far from being half starved and uncomfortable I found little or no difference between the treatment of the saloon and second cabin passengers. The former, as is only fair, reserve a portion of the ship to themselves; but, beyond that and the benefits arising from a more spacious saloon, there is little difference between the two classes. I will not deny that I am singularly fortunate in happening to hit upon a boat in which everyone, from the captain to the cuddy-boy, seem to have for their maxim in life "Consult the comfort of the

passengers;" and, indeed, I am fully aware that an austere skipper and an indifferent chief steward can altogether counteract the benefits of a ship well found and provisioned. But, at the same time, taking things as I find them, I can honestly recommend the Anchor line as one of the best, and certainly by far the cheapest, of any I know of; and, in doing so, I trust everybody will give me the credit of being an entirely disinterested "party."

And, by way of excuse for this eulogium, I may as well here remark, once for all, that my sole desire is to find out, if I can, the most comfortable and most economical way of doing such a trip as I am undertaking, and (should these pages lead any one to seek sport in India) to form a concise and practical guide for those who have not the invaluable benefit of their own experience to work upon. I shall not, therefore, hesitate to speak of all things as I find them.

After this somewhat lengthy dissertation upon steam-ships and companies, permit me to resume the thread of my discourse. Starting from Euston by the ten a.m. express, I reached Liverpool in the afternoon, and immediately took what little luggage I had with me on board the ship, which was lying in the docks, the bulk of my impedimenta, including a box of stores and a saddle-case, having been dispatched two or three days previously and shipped by the agents of the steamer. The only thing that gave me any trouble was a small case of ammunition, which I had to take on board with me when I embarked the next morning, as it was against the law to ship them while the vessel was in dock.

For the first few days after starting rough weather completely prostrated the majority of the passengers, and to most of them the far-famed Bay of Biscay represented merely a hideous dream. For my own part, I secured a cabin to myself; and, believe me, for the luxury of seclusion on board a ship half a sovereign is not thrown away. A companion to share the meagre seven square feet of sleeping accommodation suggests the old saying about "the room and the company;" and, if anyone is trembling on the balance between sea-sickness and convalescence, the undisguised agony of a gentleman overhead or underneath, as the case may be, is almost sure to turn the scale unfavourably.

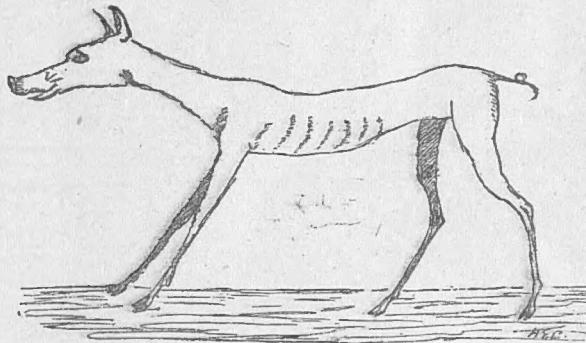
There is, perhaps, nothing in the world so fearfully tedious as a long sea voyage. It is impossible to read all day, or to smoke all day, or to do anything in particular all day. The contagion of monotony seems to attack all things, and one tires quickly of each diversion. The first week, as a rule, discloses the history, life, and adventures of each fellow-passenger; the next is devoted to reading all available books, and, O heavens! what trash one can wade through on board ship! A little singing and a little dancing enliven the evening. These three resources finished, Morpheus alone can bring solace to the ennuied stricken wight. Eating becomes a positive nuisance, since the want of exercise deprives one of all appetite. It is not everyone who can settle down steadily to work; and, indeed, the closeness of the atmosphere below will not allow of a long day being past in study, as I know from bitter experience. To write on your knees on deck is a species of physical torture no words can adequately describe. In short, after the blooming novelty of "a life on the ocean wave" has once begun to fade, existence becomes a mere shadow, until the happy day when land is sighted and the longed-for harbour reached. Then comes

glory! I turned sorrowfully round and retraced my steps. For the next week I avoided the melancholy spectacle; but by-and-by, attracted by an irresistible impulse, I revisited it. Alas! Poor Yorick!

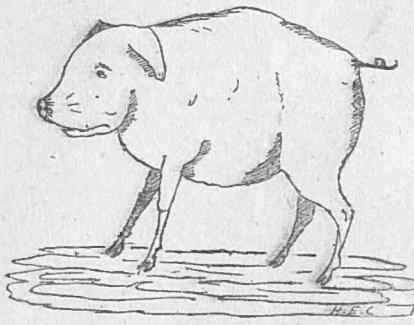


The last state of that rooster was worse than the first. Nor was the mournful satisfaction left us of—well, to be prosy, of *eating him*; for, in attempting one final cock-a-doodle do! he very imprudently breathed his last. *Requiescat in pastry!**

A feeling akin to pleasure steals o'er me as I turn to the pig. On the same day, and in company with the majestic cock, there came on board an animal which the butcher assured me was a pig. It was with difficulty I could accept the statement. Had I been told that the mysterious quadruped was a dog, or even a racehorse, I could unhesitatingly have believed it; for there were many points of similarity which I could recognise. But to call this

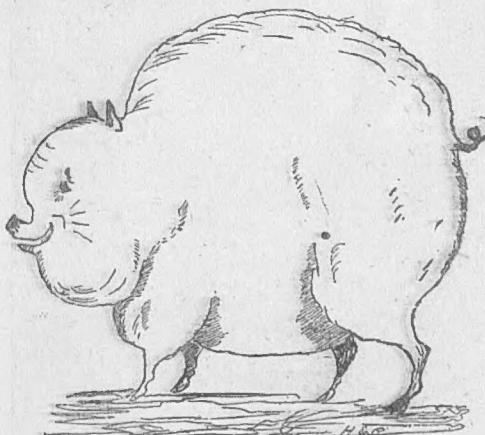


a pig! "No! no!" I said; "You don't take me in in that way." This incident, in common with many others, escaped my memory for a week; and, indeed, during the whole of that period my mind was engaged in solving the problem of "tenderness" in a ship; nor can my understanding, even now, altogether embrace the subtle poetry in that definition. However, as we were nearing the Strait of Gibraltar I happened to be in the vicinity of the "farmyard," and the butcher, with a self-satisfied, not to say triumphant, smile, drew my attention to this—



"Here's your racehorse, Sir," he said. "He's had time to look about him." And, indeed, he had not been wasting his time; for his whole appearance was changed as if by magic. There he stood, a plump, pensive, happy-looking porker, speculating in a quiet way on what he was going to have for dinner.

This morning (I am writing as we are nearing Port Said) I determined to go and pay a third visit to my quondam racehorse, Jee-hoss-so-fat! but I was fairly flabbergasted! His angles had toned down into gentle curves, his points were transformed into dimples, and his gauntness had all gone! The transformation seemed almost impossible—I could hardly believe it. Reader, could you?



Look at him! the very emblem of obese happiness! "Such is life," I murmured, as my thoughts reverted to the once majestic cock, "what's one man's food is another man's poison!"

There is one more dumb friend I would fain introduce ere closing this letter. We have on board a bull-terrier bitch that accompanied poor Livingstone's body from Unyanyembe to Zanzibar, and so home to England. She started when quite a puppy with Cameron's party, and travelled all the way to

Unyanyembe. There half the party returned with the body of the great traveller, and "Mabel" (that is the dog's name) came back too. Of all the canine followers of the expedition—and there were a good many—she was the only one that survived, and she is very deservedly decorated now with a silver collar and medal, the former of which tells how she is the only dog that has ever accomplished a journey to Central Africa and back, travelling 1500 miles on her own feet, and 15,000 by sea. The medal bears the inscription "Mabel, late Livingstone East-Coast African Expedition, 1873-1874." In years she is a young dog, but premature old age is rapidly creeping over her, and it is feared she will not live the voyage out. There is something very sad and touching in the care-worn expression of her fading eyes, and in her tottering gait a feebleness which debars all ridicule. I cannot say she is beautiful, I cannot say she is comely, I cannot say she is agile, but I can say that she has done her duty, and done it right well, and, believe me, there's something in that.

Ships' doctors are proverbially none of the wisest. We have a very juvenile *Esculapius* on board, tall as the mainmast, slim as the flagstaff, and with a pair of whiskers like two engine boilers. This youth has lately left college, and, in default, I suppose, of a better opportunity, he has been driven to win his spurs at sea—which has an echo of the horse marines in it, I am afraid; but let it pass. I regret I cannot chronicle any successful operations, or any miraculous cures; that sort of thing is not—to put it gently—"in his line." At the same time he has been called in pretty frequently by various passengers suffering from petty ailments, and by one or two suffering from nothing at all—these last being malicious enough to try and "draw" the doctor. Now whether it is that his medicine-chest is but ill stocked, or whether it is that his knowledge of medicines is but limited, I will not pretend to say; but this I know, that hitherto he has appeared to consider castor oil a sort of universal curative, and such is his devotion to that nauseous draught that he has prescribed it at various times for sea-sickness, gout, sprained ankles, cut fingers, sore thumbs, and intoxication. Now, in order to find out whether the young man would prescribe any other medicine, a facetious passenger determined to simulate the condition of a man sick nigh unto death. The doctor was hastily fetched, and found the patient groaning and writhing in terrible agonies, and scarcely able to answer the innumerable questions put to him. He managed, however, to unfold the awful statements that gout, heart disease, and consumption had tripped hand in hand through his family for the last five hundred years. Thereupon the doctor pulled out his stethoscope, and sounded the poor sufferer fore and aft, and at every available point. Then he intently regarded his tongue, and felt his pulse, and looked into his eyes. Finally he shook his head in a most serious way, feared this symptom and was afraid of that, didn't at all like the looks of the other, and so on. Made a small speech in order to introduce a few polysyllabic words of a professional nature; and finally, with a prefatory cough, and in a most important voice, prescribed "castor oil!"

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL STATISTICS.—The oldest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, aged 89; the youngest, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, aged 23. The oldest Duke is the Duke of Portland, aged 76; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 29. The oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Tweeddale, aged 89; the youngest, the Marquis of Camden, aged 4. The oldest Earl is the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged 90; the youngest, the Earl of Norbury, aged 13. The oldest Viscount is Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, aged 88; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged 13. The oldest Baron is Lord Chelmsford, aged 82; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged 9. The oldest of the titled heirs of peers is Viscount Kirkaldy, heir to the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged 59; the youngest are Viscount Crowhurst (heir to the Earl of Cottenham), Viscount Forbes (heir to the Earl of Granard), Viscount Kingsborough (heir to the Earl of Kingston), and Viscount Stavordale (heir to the Earl of Ilchester), each of whom are in their second year. The oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, aged 83; the youngest, the Hon. William F.O. O'Callaghan, M.P. for Tipperary, aged 23. The oldest Judge in England is the Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged 80; the youngest, the Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, aged 52. The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Right Hon. James H. Monahan, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 72; the youngest, the Right Hon. Christopher Palles, LL.D., Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged 45. The oldest Scotch Lord of Session is Lord Neaves, aged 76; the youngest, Lord Shand, aged 47. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Alfred Ollivant), aged 78; the youngest, Dr. Edward Parry, Suffragan Bishop of Dover, aged 46. The oldest prelate of the Irish Church is Dr. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 78; the youngest, his son, Dr. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, aged 42. The oldest Bishop of the Colonial and Missionary Church is the Right Rev. Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem, aged 77; the youngest, the Right Rev. Reginald S. Copleston, the newly-consecrated Bishop of Colombo, aged 30. The oldest Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, aged 71; the youngest, the Right Rev. Hugh Willoughby Jermyn, Bishop of Brechin, aged 55. The oldest of the retired Bishops is the Right Rev. James Chapman, late Bishop of Colombo, aged 77; the youngest, the Right Rev. Edward Twells, late Bishop of Orange River, aged 48. The oldest Baronet is Sir Richard John Griffith, aged 92; the youngest, Sir Henry Palk Carew, aged 6. The oldest Knight is General Sir John Bell, G.C.B., aged 94; the youngest, Sir Ludlow Cotter (eldest son of Sir James Laurence Cotter, Bart.), aged 23. The oldest Recorder in England is John Bramwell, Recorder of Durham, aged 82; the youngest, George E. Dering, Recorder of Faversham, aged 35.—*Who's Who in 1876.*

THE GUN AND POLO CLUB BALL AT CHELTENHAM.—Promoting festivity as well as sport wherever they go, the acting committee of the International Gun and Polo Club are hard at work in maturing the arrangements for their grand ball at Cheltenham on the 28th inst. Associated with the committee are several masters of hounds, the list of stewards including the Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Aylesford, Lord Fitzhurding, Colonel Kingscote, and Earl de Grey. On the following day there will be a gun meeting on the grounds of the Cheltenham Gun Club, whose invitation to shoot for some special prizes the International Club has accepted. Among other attractions at Cheltenham the Townhall has been transformed into a rink, and is daily so thronged that the formation of a more commodious one will shortly be a necessity.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT HAMS HALL.

A MERRY Christmas, a happy new year, and theatricals at Hams are now synonymous terms in Warwickshire; for, as year by year the festive season of Christmas comes round, we have mingled with the greetings of friends and relations and shouts of joyous children enthusiastic accounts of these now celebrated theatricals at Sir Charles and Lady Adderley's hospitable mansion of Hams. On the annual recurrence of every great event, such as the Derby, the public expect a true and accurate account of the proceedings; but, alas! how little new is there to be said of any of them! This, however, is, happily, not the case with the Hams theatricals.

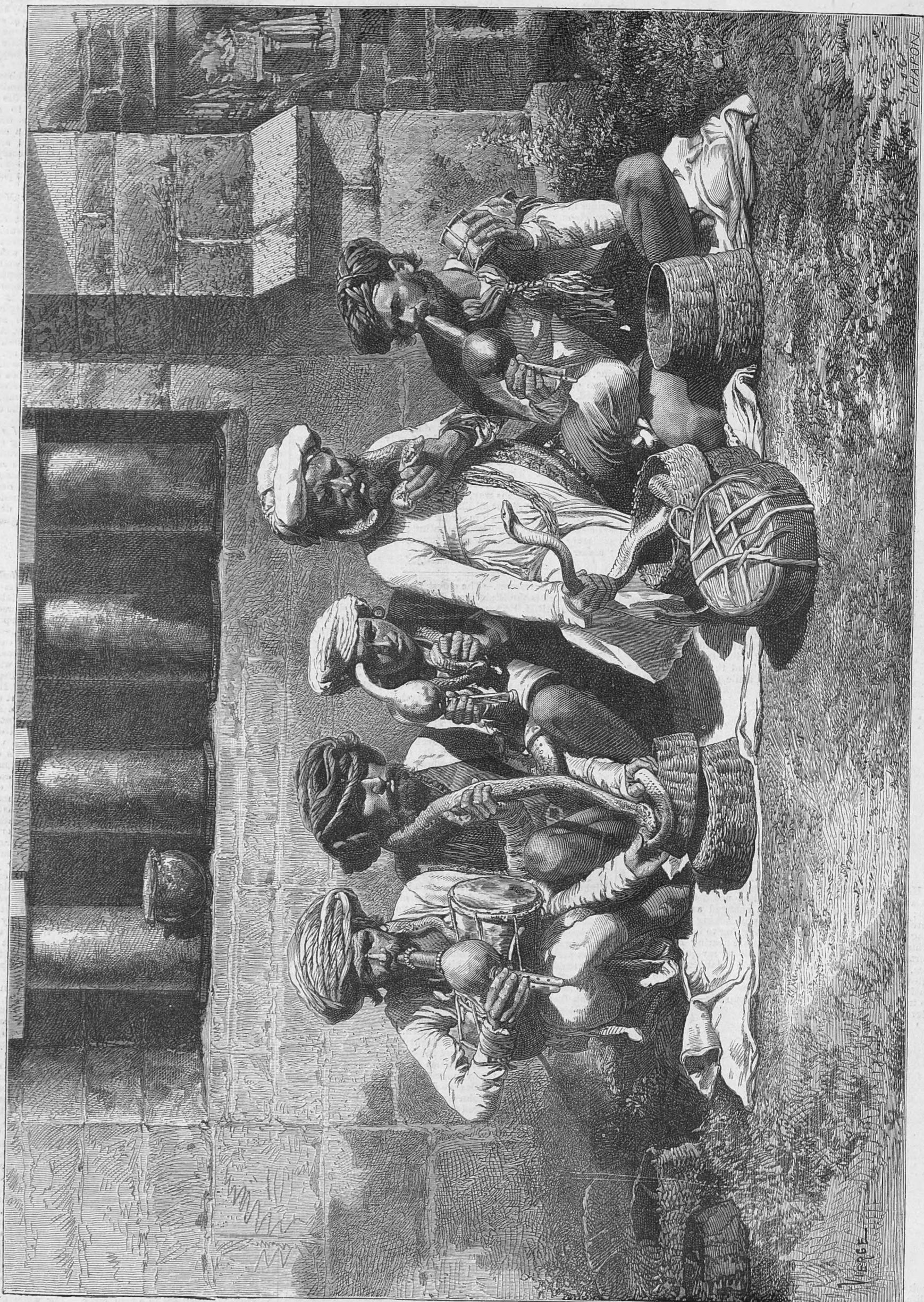
The pieces chosen on the occasion to which we are about to refer (Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6 and 7) were most admirably adapted to the company, including as it did some of the best amateurs in England, and served to bring out to great advantage many of their individual and peculiar talents, notably so in *The Loan of a Lover*, which afforded a capital opportunity for the display of the fine voice and artistic singing of Miss C. Adderley, who in a song composed especially for her, literally brought down the House—in fact, with the reading of her part throughout the piece no possible exception could be made. But we anticipate.

The first piece performed was the comedy of *New Men and Old Acres*. This piece was admirably cast. Miss F. Adderley played Lilian Vavasour (on whom the real interest of the piece centres). This lady has appeared to great advantage on previous occasions, but perhaps never with such perfect success as on the occasion in question. Her naïveté was irresistible. The part of Lady Matilda Vavasour was well rendered by Miss Cholmondeley, whose dignified conception of the part left nothing to be desired. Miss M. Cholmondeley played Mrs. Bunter equally well, though it was difficult, even with the greatest stretch of imagination, to fancy her the vulgar person depicted by the author. Miss E. Adderley sustained the part of Fanny Bunter. A more clever exponent of the part it would be difficult to find. Her scene with Bertie in the second act was charming. Mr. Vavasour was personated to the life by Sir W. Anson. The part of Mr. Brown was intrusted to the capable hands of Mr. W. L. Selfe, while that of Mr. Bunter was well conceived and carried out by the acting manager, Captain Newall. The minor parts were adequately sustained, notably in the case of Mr. Clerk, who realised Mr. Blasenbalg.

The second and concluding piece was the *Loan of a Lover*, which we have before alluded to, Mr. Clerk being entirely admirable as Peter Spyk. Altogether, the performance reflected the greatest credit on all concerned. The scenery, painted by Mr. Hall, of Birmingham, would have done credit to a London theatre, the ruins of Cleve Abbey deserving special mention. The performances on both Thursday and Friday evenings were witnessed by large and delighted audience. On Friday a ball formed a pleasant epilogue to the performances.

SALT AND SNOW.

WHEN suggestions are offered to overcome a manifest public mischief or inconvenience by some simple means it is curious to notice the host of trivial objections which invariably arise to the employment of the palliative. The most practicable and comprehensive methods are very frequently opposed by the most complicated objective theories; and the bewildered public, incapable of experimenting themselves, are easily dissuaded by ignorant assertion and specious fallacies from adopting obvious remedies for crying evils. Winter after winter we have seen the streets of the metropolis in the most disgraceful condition possible to a highly-civilised community. Masses of snow encumber for weeks public thoroughfares. Not only are the road surfaces too slippery to afford a proper foothold for horses struggling with heavy loads through the almost impassable roadways, but, as the streets are not cleansed on these occasions, the horse-dung accumulates and mixes with the mass of snow and mud until the atmosphere is disgustingly defiled. The simple remedy for the evils complained of has been known for years—viz., the application of a light sprinkling of salt, which has not only the effect of dissolving the snow and making the thoroughfare passable, but also is useful in preventing putrefaction. During this and last winter the General Omnibus Company obtained the permission of the different road authorities to use salt in order to dissolve the snow, which impeded the progress of their vehicles and caused serious accidents to befall their horses. Immediately there was an outcry from several of the leading daily journals in depreciation of the palliative. Snow and salt when mixed produced a "freezing mixture," which would, if applied to the road surfaces, cause all sorts of evils, not only to horses but to human beings. When statements of this kind are put forward by the public journals they find their echo in every class of society, and so people are led to imagine that all the evils prophesied have actually come to pass. It is not at all surprising to find that a veterinary surgeon was thus led to depose on oath before a magistrate, a few days ago, that upwards of one hundred horses of the General Omnibus Company had been laid up in consequence of the application of salt to roads for the purpose of dissolving the snow. Upon seeing this statement in the newspapers, Mr. Church, the manager of the General Omnibus Company, came forward and publicly contradicted it. He not only stated that there was no foundation whatever for such a report, but that the fact was they had never had so few horses laid up; they were able to dispense with the necessity of roughing their horses, which was absolutely necessary unless the roads were salted, and that roughing caused lameness. He added further that they could not have carried on the service of omnibuses necessary for the public convenience without the assistance of the salt during the snowy period. So far as horses are concerned, this practical experiment of the General Omnibus Company upsets altogether the alarmist theories; and human beings have no more reason to fear that immunity from cases of fractured limbs, occasioned by falls on slippery pathways, will be attended with colds and consumption, owing to the supposed effect of the chimical "freezing mixture." The fact is that no effective "freezing mixture" is caused by the moderate sprinkling of salt on a snow-covered road or pathway. Persons who are desirous of getting a "freezing mixture" do not find so easy a task as others who have never tried the experiment seem to imagine. In order that a freezing mixture may be effective, the absorption of heat by means of the mixture must be much more rapid than the supply of heat from the atmosphere and neighbouring objects. This condition is secured by having the freezing mixture in bulk, and is avoided when the freezing mixture is spread out in a thin layer. For while the sphere has the largest cubic contents and the least superficies, the thin layer (for instance, a sheet of paper) has the least cubic contents and the most superficies. If it were proposed to mix salt with snow in cart-loads the "freezing mixture" would be effective; but spread out upon roads and pathways the action of the mixture is neutralised by the action of the atmosphere and of the ground, both of which impart heat to the mixture.—*The Farmer.*



INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.